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The Outlook

AUGUST 7, 1909

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OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL IN A FLYING-MACHINE

The successful and dramatic flight of Monsieur Louis Bleriot in his monoplane across the English Channel from Calais to Dover on Sunday morning of last week, if it does not mark an epoch in the art and science of traveling through the air, certainly fixes public attention throughout the civilized world upon the air-ship as a practical passenger conveyance to a degree which no other event in the history of aeronautics has succeeded in doing. M. Bleriot is a graduate of the French Polytechnique, one of the leading engineering schools of the world, and has for many years been devoting his time and resources to the study of aviation, with, however, little practical success up to the day of his startling voyage from France to England. The English Channel between Calais and Dover is twenty-one miles in width. Since the days of the Romans it has been famous in literature and history as one of the most terrifying parts of the ocean on the globe. The choppy seas, the fogs, the variable and often fierce gales, the chalk cliffs of the French and English coasts, the threatening sand-bars, and the crowded traffic, with the inevitable danger of collisions, have made it the terror of travelers and the dread of navigators for many generations. It has been to the ocean traveler what the St. Bernard Pass used to be to the foot and horse passengers crossing the Alps in the Middle Ages—an obstacle which the timid traveler rarely attacked without commending his soul to God and his body to the protecting care of expert life-savers. The difficulty of its passage has been one of England's chief fortresses of protection against invasion from the Continent of Europe, and Englishmen have refused, unreasonably we think, to attempt to build a railway tunnel under the Channel between Calais and Dover, in the belief that this would take away from the British Isles one of their greatest natural protections against a foreign foe. One of the Outlook staff, at the conclusion of a voyage of over three months from Melbourne, Australia, once spent five days in the English Channel upon a sailing vessel, buffeted by waves, hampered by adverse winds, enveloped in fogs, and threatened with the constant danger of collision with passing vessels. Having taken on a pilot at Falmouth, it was five days before the ship succeeded in entering the mouth of the Thames. And this was hardly twenty-five years ago. One who knows the English Channel under these circumstances, and who is more or less familiar with the record of shipwrecks and collisions from the time of the destruction of the Spanish Armada to this day, must be instantly impressed with the revolution in navigation which Bleriot's successful crossing of the Channel presages. He made the crossing of twenty-one miles in twenty-three minutes, rising from Calais at half-past four in the morning and landing in a meadow near Dover at fifty-three minutes past four. His eventful journey was made in response to the offer of a prize by the London Daily Mail of five thousand dollars to the first man who should successfully cross the Channel between sunrise and sunset in a flying-machine heavier than air.

M. BLERIOT'S OWN STORY

Unquestionably it required great technical skill and great personal courage on the part of M. Bleriot to make his dramatic journey. His account of his experience, contributed to the London Mail and specially cabled to the New York Times, is an interesting illustration of the fact that masculine daring and physical strength are not at all

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incompatible, in the French, with a certain theatrical love of display and childlike intimacy of expression at which the Anglo-Saxon is inclined to smile. We quote:

As soon as I am over the cliff I reduce speed. There is now no need to force the engine. I begin my flight steady and sure toward the coast of England. I have no apprehensions, no sensations—*pas du tout*—not at all. The Escopette [a French torpedo-boat assigned by the Government to follow M. Bleriot as a precaution in case of accident] has seen me. She is driving ahead at full speed. She makes perhaps twenty-six miles an hour. What matters it? I am making at least forty-two miles an hour. . . . Ten minutes are gone. I have passed the destroyer, and I turn my head to see whether I am proceeding in the right direction. I am amazed. There is nothing to be seen—neither the torpedo-boat destroyer, nor France, nor England. I am alone. I can see nothing at all. . . . I fly westward and reach Shakespeare Cliff. I see an opening in the cliff. . . . Once more I turn my aeroplane, and, describing a half-circle, I enter the opening and find myself again over dry land. . . . At once I stop my motor. . . . In two or three seconds I am safe upon your shore. Soldiers in khaki run up, and policemen. Two of my compatriots are on the spot. They kiss my cheeks. The conclusion of my flight overwhelms me. Thus ended my flight across the Channel, a flight which could easily be done again. Shall I do it? I think not. I have promised my wife that after a race for which I have already entered I will fly no more.

M. Bleriot's literary style, although quite unlike that of an American or British scientific aeronaut, does not detract in the slightest from the glory of his achievement; it simply adds to its picturesqueness. It may also be true that his contributions as a scientific investigator to the art of air travel are not as complete or effective as those of the Wright brothers in this country or Count Zeppelin in Germany, but this does not alter their historic character. Nor will it do to say, because of the flimsy character and small carrying capacity of Bleriot's machine, that air-ships will never cross the Channel with freight and passengers. Robert Fulton's voyage from New York to Albany, at the rate of five miles an hour, in a steamboat that belched fire and smoke, to the terror of the inhabitants along the shore, was neither as scientific nor as majestic as the transatlantic trip of a Mauretania. But as Fulton's journey was the forerunner of circumnavigation of the globe by steam power, it is not unreasonable to suppose that Bleriot's trip from Calais to Dover is the predecessor in the years to come of numberless voyages of air-ships from continent to continent.

A NEW RECORD FOR THE WRIGHTS

The Calais-Dover voyage of M. Bleriot was almost immediately followed by two other striking events in the history of aeronautics. Another French aviator, Hubert Latham, who had previously made an unsuccessful attempt to cross the Channel, again endeavored to fly from Calais to Dover on Tuesday evening of last week. Within a few miles of the English coast, however, the engine gave out and the machine dropped into the water. On the same day the Wright brothers' aeroplane, driven by Mr. Orville Wright, and carrying as a passenger Lieutenant Lahm, of the Signal Corps of the United States Army, made the world's record for duration of flight by a heavier-than-air machine carrying a driver and a passenger. The Wright aeroplane flew for one hour twelve minutes and forty seconds, beating the time made under similar conditions by his brother, Wilbur Wright, in France, last August. It will be remembered that Mr. Orville Wright, in attempting a similar flight with a passenger last September, met with an accident which resulted in the death of his companion, Lieutenant Selfridge, and in serious injury to himself. Mr. Wilbur Wright, in France last January, without a passenger, remained in the air two hours eighteen minutes and thirty seconds, and covered a distance of about seventy-seven miles. Although neither of the Wrights have yet made a straightaway journey of such a dramatic character as that of M. Bleriot, it is generally conceded that their contribution to the art and science of air travel in flying-machines has not been surpassed by experimenters in any part of the world.

THE DIRIGIBLE AND THE AEROPLANE

The air-ships of the present day may be divided into two general classes—the dirigible or lighter-than-air machine, and the aeroplane or heavier-than-air machine; aeroplanes are again

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classified in two types—the biplane and the monoplane. Count Zeppelin, of Germany, is perfecting the dirigible, Bleriot the monoplane, and the Wright brothers the biplane. In sea terms, the dirigible may be roughly compared to the submarine torpedo-boat, the monoplane to the sloop, and the biplane to the schooner. The dirigible is not a flying-machine in any sense, although that term may be applied more reasonably to the aeroplane. The Zeppelin dirigible, or air-ship, floats in the air, supported by from a dozen to twenty air and gas tight compartments filled with hydrogen, which is lighter than air, just as the submarine floats in the water supported by water and air tight compartments filled with atmosphere, which is lighter than water; it is moved forward by rapidly revolving propellers, which act upon the surrounding air just as the submarine's propellers act upon the surrounding water. It is a veritable air-ship. The aeroplane, on the contrary, flies as the boy's kite flies; the kite will not rise of itself, nor will it stay aloft if the kite-string is cut; it flies only when the boy pulls it against the resisting air which presses upon its surface. So the aeroplane will not rise of itself; it must get a start by rolling down an incline, when the revolving propellers begin to push its great double or single surfaces against the air as the boy's kite-string pulls the kite against the resisting air. When the motor stops, the aeroplane falls as the kite falls when the string is cut. To start it again somebody or some mechanical contrivance must run with it, as the boy runs with his kite before paying out the string which connects his motor arm with the flying toy. The advantages of the air-ship over the aeroplane as a practical conveyance are thus seen at a glance. In their present stage of development the aeroplane of the Wright or Bleriot type is the more picturesque and romantic, the air-ship of the Zeppelin school is the more utilitarian, although it would be folly to assert what may or may not be accomplished in the future in the development of the aeroplane along utilitarian lines. Flying in an aeroplane to-day is like swimming without a life-preserver—a graceful and adventurous accomplishment. The man, however, who is cast into the sea with no chance of being picked up for twenty-four or forty-eight hours naturally prefers at least a life-preserver if he cannot have a non-sinkable lifeboat.

THE FUTURE OF THE AIR-SHIP

A writer in the August number of McClure's Magazine describes the remarkable strides that have been made by Count Zeppelin in perfecting his air-ship as a practical vessel of simple control and efficient carrying capacity. His latest ship is nearly five hundred feet long, and is capable of carrying a crew of nine men with two machine guns and a supply of ammunition over a sailing radius of three hundred miles. It is able to start from a stationary position when moored to an aerial tower or wharf. An air-ship manufacturing plant to cost a million and a half of dollars has been nearly completed in Germany, and the adaptation of these ships for air warfare is so seriously considered that the famous Krupp gun works have made special machine guns to be used on their decks, and on the land to resist their attacks. The anxiety felt in some quarters in Germany regarding the safety of the aquatic battle-ship if attacked by an air-ship is not shared by American naval officers. No air-ship, they believe, could be constructed to resist the recoil of a gun efficient enough to disable a battle-ship. As to the possibility of powerful explosives being dropped from an air-ship upon the deck of a battle-ship, Mr. Herbert Satterlee, Assistant Secretary of the United States Navy, said to a member of The Outlook's staff last week: "An explosive bomb let fall in this way could seriously injure a battle-ship in only one contingency, namely, if carefully dropped through a smoke-stack into the furnace compartment. Then it might disable the engine. But the chance of an air-ship operator being able to drop his missile with such accuracy is too remote to consider. Dropped on deck, such bombs would be about as likely to seriously cripple a ship as a sky-rocket. The probable use of air-ships in war will be as scouts and spies, and it may be very well to invent guns to shoot them for this reason." Aerial navigation is no longer a matter of mere speculation, like the

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question of the habitability of the planet Mars; the air is actually being navigated. There remain now only the perfection and amplification of methods and machinery already demonstrated to be practicable. Henry George once suggested that when aerial navigation becomes a common practice of the civilized world, protectionist countries must abandon their tariffs, or roof themselves over and establish custom-houses at hatchways, through which airship cargoes may be unloaded. There is less satire and more realism in his prophecy to-day than ever before. What, except an unusually high sense of honor in the commercial world, is to prevent some future Bleriot from putting one or two million dollars' worth of pearls and diamonds in a handbag and sailing with them in his aeroplane to some lonely American meadow, from which he can carry his imports to his customers without the inconvenient formality of paying the tariff tax?

WELCOME HOME

It is more than ten years since the United States was at war. But last week a regiment of regulars passed through New York City with almost as much warmth of acclaim as ever greeted conquering troops straight from the front. The Tenth Cavalry is the negro regiment which went up San Juan Hill side by side with the Rough Riders. For nearly two years and a half it has been in garrison in the Philippines, at Fort William McKinley, six miles from Manila. Now, in the regular course of army administration, the regiment has been assigned to garrison the Fort Ethan Allen post at Burlington, Vermont. On Monday of last week six hundred or so troopers of the regiment landed from the transport Kilpatrick, seventy-one days out from Manila, by way of the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean. Escorted by prominent New York members of their race, by bands, a group of colored vaudeville performers in uniform dress, and a little body of colored veterans of the Grand Army, the seasoned troopers marched nine miles through the New York streets to the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory. Still afflicted with their sea-legs, and even more grievously with the constitutional disinclination of the cavalryman to quit his horse even for the briefest journey, the hot march was none too easy for the soldiers. But they made it cheerfully, spurred on not a little, doubtless, by the reception which they received all along the line. The colored population of the city had turned out, it seemed, to a pickaninny, but even so they were outnumbered by their white neighbors. From the brokers of Wall Street, who, aided and abetted by their office-boys, festooned the cañon-like street with swirling lines of ticker-tape, to the throngs of the second San Juan Hill, New York's blackest slum region, every one expressed only pleasure to see the soldiers home again. And every one expressed his satisfaction, as is the metropolitan method, by making as much noise as he could. At the City Hall the regiment was reviewed by the Mayor, at the Armory the troopers were entertained at luncheon, and complimented on their record by the President of the Board of Aldermen and prominent New York negroes. After a day in the city the regiment went on to Burlington. A foolish report had been circulated that the people of the Vermont city looked forward to the proximity of the negro soldiers with disfavor and were prepared to protest vigorously against their retention at Fort Ethan Allen. It now appears, however, that the report originated in the unoccupied mind of a newspaper man, and that it has no foundation. Northern communities have not always been free from race prejudice, even of a violent kind, but the Burlington folk need not be accused of this spirit until they have given definite evidence of it. The career of the Tenth Cavalry has proved once more that the negro makes a good soldier. Its reception in New York shows how the negro's white neighbors can appreciate and commend him when he demonstrates his ability in any career.

A SENATORIAL SLAPPER

Surely the State of Missouri must be proud. It is represented in the Senate by a man who has the courage, the chivalry, the good breeding, to slap a negro waiter's face. The Honorable William Joel Stone, United States Senator from Missouri, was in a dining-car on the Pennsylvania Railroad last week. He did not find

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the service satisfactory. He ordered some whisky and water. We hope that it was because the waiter brought too much whisky and too little water that Senator Stone, of Missouri, became indignant. At any rate, Senator Stone—of Missouri—found his indignation so overmastering that he slapped the face of the negro waiter. According to the code of polite society, no gentleman attacks an inferior except in the defense of the helpless or of life or property. By his own admission, Senator Stone is a gentleman; evidently, therefore, he must regard this negro waiter as his equal or superior. On his arrival at Baltimore Senator Stone, of Missouri, was subjected to the indignity of arrest. He was discharged by a judge who must have agreed with the Senator that the person he assaulted was the Senator's superior, or at least his equal. In view of the conduct of the negro waiter, according to all reports, we are inclined to agree with these two gentlemen. In accordance with the provision of the Constitution that Senators and Representatives "shall in all Cases, except Treason, Felony and Breach of the Peace, be privileged from Arrest during their Attendance at the Session of their respective Houses, and in going to and returning from the same," it has been suggested that the Senator ought not to have been haled to court. Possibly not. The suggestion, however, raises the query whether the framers of the Constitution would have inserted that provision if they had known what sort of gentlemen sovereign States in after years could send to the Senate.

CAPITULATION TO THE PRESIDENT

Last week the tariff conferees of Congress capitulated to the President. During the tariff debate in the House of Representatives, and then in the Senate, the view was privately uttered and publicly intimated that the President did not express any opinion regarding the discussions because he would sign "any old kind of a bill." Under the leadership of the Hon. Sereno E. Payne, Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, the House passed a tariff revision bill. It was not an ideal measure, but it provided for considerable downward revision both on raw materials and on finished products. When the bill reached the Senate, that body, under the leadership of the Hon. Nelson W. Aldrich, Chairman of the Finance Committee, substituted for it another measure. It contained better administrative features than those of the House bill, but in tariff duties showed decided upward as well as downward revision. In order that these bills might be harmonized, they were sent to a conference of delegates from the two houses. Then it was that the President told the conferees that, to meet the implied pledge of the Republican platform and his own repeated pledges, the measure must provide for practical downward revision. In other words, it must put our tariff duties on a lower level than they are at present. The President was invited to express himself definitely concerning the schedules. While disclaiming any fixed policy of placing all raw materials on the free list, he showed a desire to free a number of raw materials now dutiable; and he also showed an especial desire to lower the unnecessarily high duties on the finished products into which these raw materials enter as a basis of manufacture. He was not satisfied even with the lowest level provided by either bill. On the leather schedule, for example, the changes from the Dingley law favored by the two houses and by the President were as follows:

	Dingley Law.	Payne Bill.	Aldrich Bill.	President's Preferences.
Hides	15%	Free	15%	Free
Sole leather	20%	5%	15%	5%
Upper leather	20%	15%	15%	7½%
Boots and shoes	25%	15%	20%	10%
Harness	45%	35%	40%	20%

No schedule proved more vital than this. It was seen that the reason why the President insisted on free hides was not primarily to benefit the manufacturers of leather goods, but to benefit the consumers of shoes and harness; that the President was cleverly counting on the aid assuredly to be given him by the beneficiaries of the duty on hides, who, if despoiled of their unreasonable profit, would provide that the manufacturers of leather goods should be despoiled of some of theirs. But when the President proposed to have the duty on leather products lower

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than anything provided for by either the Payne or Aldrich bills, the conferees declared that an unwritten law prevented them from changing duties to higher or lower rates than those contained in the two measures before them, and that such an attempt would constitute "new legislation." The President met this resistance by defying tradition. He suggested a way out, and it is expected that a concurrent resolution providing for the cases in point may be introduced into the two houses.

"THE SMILING STONE WALL"

A similar stubborn resistance from the tariff conferees met the President in his proposals for fair rates on other schedules. On lumber, for instance, though the conferees had finally agreed on the high Senate rate instead of the low House rate, the President refused to accept this decision, and demanded a rate exactly halving the difference between the two. When this defiance of the combined wisdom of the houses of Congress reached the conferees, their indignation was intense. Then the President simply intimated that a disagreement between the executive and legislative branches would make it necessary to suspend proceedings until a later special session of Congress, to be called for the first week of October, "when," he added, "the public demand will send the knife more completely into the schedule than even Mr. Payne has done." That statesman deserves credit for having put the knife in as far as he has. The President finally sent to the conferees a written ultimatum. We are glad that they finally saw fit to accept it. Their complete report is now ready, and goes back to Congress. It is a different report from that which the majority of Congressmen expected to see. It is fairer to the manufacturer and is far fairer to the consumer. For this result the country has chiefly Mr. Taft to thank. Without unnecessarily making enemies, he has quietly held to his principle that, in order properly to revise the tariff, it is necessary to take into account the difference between the cost of production in this country and abroad, and that, when commodities have tariff benefits beyond this difference, those benefits are unnecessary and should be removed. Tactfully and persistently the President has urged this principle upon our legislators; first in general, and latterly in specific cases. The result shows that in order to handle the tariff situation successfully, one must be, as the President is now called, a "smiling stone wall."

SHALL WE PROTECT SPECULATORS?

For a pathetically large number of people, even in this land of plenty, the size of a loaf of bread which can be bought for five cents is a matter of serious import. If wheat goes up in price, these people have to face a new threat of want. To the great majority of the rest of the people of the United States the price of wheat is a matter of only less grave concern. The man, therefore, who tries to send the price of wheat upward in order that he may win what is practically a bet, profits, if he profits at all, at the expense of the great mass of the people. Does such a man need, does he deserve, tariff protection? Apparently the framers of the Dingley Law thought he did; for, by giving him a limited area in which to operate, they have given him a chance to win at his gambling game. At present there is an import duty of twenty-five cents per bushel on all wheat, and there are duties on corn, oats, rye, and barley. Excepting wheat for seed, we have never imported wheat from Europe; and, excepting wheat brought in bond to be exported or to be ground in American mills and sent out to Europe, we have never imported wheat from Canada. The tariff makes importations of wheat unprofitable. What is the result? The gamblers in produce are willing to take their chances. Though most of the attempts to corner wheat have failed, those which have succeeded have been enough to keep the gamblers at the game. It is very doubtful if any could have succeeded if the gamblers had had to corner the wheat of the whole world. Chicago is the location of modern grain corners. The Chicago pit for years made the price of wheat for the world. Directly and indirectly it has made many men of swollen fortunes. In the making there was no thought of others or of Chicago's future. The wheat pit has its legitimacy in making

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cash and future prices conform to the present and prospective supply of wheat; but, in its use as a field of gambling operations, it does not need the fostering care of a protective tariff. Certainly the grain farmer does not need protection. Last year, for instance, even at the high prices which prevailed, the farmers of the United States could not supply the demand for oats. Indeed, there is no more independent industry in this country than that which flourishes in the grain-fields of the West. The real benefit, then, which the consumer is forced to bestow through the tariff on wheat goes chiefly, if not wholly, to the gamblers in produce. If the reserve in all other countries were free to come into the United States whenever a speculator like Mr. Patten attempted to corner the market, the gambler's proposition would be less attractive. Moreover, the removal of the tariff on wheat would not only reduce the chance of corners, but would also help to purify Wall Street, because all speculators are engaged more or less in the game.

SPAIN'S DOUBLE PERIL

Last week a double peril overwhelmed the Spanish Government. For two weeks there has been desultory fighting in Morocco between the native tribes and the Spanish soldiers. On the Mediterranean coast of Morocco Spain occupies a few points. When, in the fifteenth century, the Moors were driven out of Europe, Spain fortified this coast to prevent a second Moorish invasion. On it the two principal Spanish strongholds are Ceuta, directly opposite Gibraltar and but thirty miles east of Tangier, and Melilla, a point near the Algerian frontier. The mountain region behind Melilla is occupied by native tribes. They are born soldiers, and have lately been armed with Mauser rifles, actually sold to them for his personal profit by a Spanish general, who was recently killed. On July 8 a party of seven Spanish workmen were engaged in repairing a bridge near Melilla, and were suddenly attacked by a band of natives. Several of the Spaniards were killed. The Moors seized the bodies and attempted to burn them. The Governor of Melilla started with a column of regular troops to punish the outrage. While he inflicted severe punishment, the Moorish force proved to be so large that a retreat was necessary. The Governor was obliged to assume a defensive attitude. Since then encounters have occurred almost daily, and the whole countryside has become aroused. Estimates of the number of the natives now enrolled vary from twenty thousand to forty thousand. The decisive defeat of the Spaniards in a battle in which their losses have, it is said, reached three thousand men has made it necessary to send for more troops. When the Government ordered out these troops, opposition was encountered in Catalonia, the richest province of Spain, and always noted for its restless and turbulent population. The Catalonians have also always been democratic in spirit, less and less content with the Central Government, and with its evidence of power as shown in the army. Concerning the Moroccan war, the prevailing belief in Catalonia is that it has been waged to protect certain mines near Melilla owned by Madrid Court dignitaries. The laborers on the docks and in the factories of Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia, therefore, unable to discover any direct interest which they and their families have in the Moroccan disasters, not only refused to go forth with the reserves, but actually barricaded the roads and tore up the railways so that the reserves already enrolled could not proceed. A striking feature was the fury of the women. They resisted searches by gendarmes for recruits, barring the doors of their houses and firing at the soldiers from the windows; they fought behind the street barricades with the men, and aided in the discharge of dynamite bombs, causing great loss of life and destruction of property. Severe fighting has occurred in Barcelona and other towns between the insurrectionists and the regulars. Though the garrison troops repeatedly refused to fire on the people, the immediate result is a death list of appalling proportions. While evil-minded men may have made the popular opposition to the Melilla campaign a pretext for loot and pillage, other men have now made it a pretext for a revolution in which they would involve all Spain. It has seemed necessary, therefore, to proclaim martial law and suspen-

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sion of Constitutional guarantees, not only in Catalonia, but throughout Spain. While such a prompt measure may be applauded, it is none the less tragic that Spain's unpreparedness should bring upon her simultaneously a disastrous war abroad and a more redoubtable insurrection at home.

A SOCIALIST PRIME MINISTER

Last week M. Aristide Briand succeeded in forming a new Cabinet for France. M. Briand is a Socialist. He seems a strange figure as Prime Minister. But he is essentially a Parliamentary Socialist. There is nothing anarchistic about him. In his younger years, it is true, he did work with the Socialists of various hues. But in his later years he changed his hue, and for the better. He may be called a sobered Socialist. Certainly he is no longer a revolutionary Socialist. But he is very much of a Radical. His first announcement as Premier is that the remainder of the present session of Parliament will be devoted to passing the budget, and such radical measures as the income tax and the Workingmen's Pension Bill. His rise to political power has been rapid, and with that rise there has been evident the gain in balance and poise due to official responsibility. No conservative statesman, it would seem, could have adjusted individual theories more delicately to the present conditions which confront France. As the reporter of the bill providing for the separation of Church and State, his course commended itself so much to M. Clemenceau that, when it came to the enforcement of the troublesome law, M. Briand was chosen Minister of Public Instruction and Worship. In the exercise of that difficult function this erstwhile Socialist showed not only freedom from fanaticism, but a welcome moderation in directing the civil reform, despite the thunders from the Vatican, which denounced the new law as a conspiracy against religious liberty. In many respects he pleased all parties but the Socialists. His course offended some of his old party friends, who did not seem to understand that even a Socialist might have tact. The National Council of the party, influenced by the "rough and ready" element, actually passed a resolution declaring that M. Briand had ceased to be a member on becoming a Minister. As they had done precisely the same thing earlier with M. Millerand on that statesman's elevation to the Ministry of Commerce, and as it had interfered not a whit with his career, their resolution fell rather flat. So far from suffering from official Socialistic disapproval, M. Millerand has rather gained by it, and so may M. Briand. It may be remembered that when, in England, Mr. John Burns, the former labor leader, became President of the Local Government Board, he was treated as a traitor by certain of his former associates. But most men in England, irrespective of party, recognize the statesman in John Burns, and we think most men in France, irrespective of party, recognize the statesman in Aristide Briand.

LIBERIA NEEDS SAVING

Last winter, conditions in Liberia seemed to call for advice from without. Advice from America would not be inappropriate, for in 1820 the American Colonization Society purchased a tract of land from native chiefs near Cape Mesurado for liberated slaves. This and other settlements finally constituted the Republic of Liberia. Its Constitution is modeled on that of the United States of America, with trifling exceptions. The official language of the Government is English. Electors must be of negro blood and owners of land. Liberia occupies about three hundred and fifty miles of the African Atlantic coast-line, looking south and extending from the British colony of Sierra Leone on the west to the French colony of the Ivory Coast on the east. The area of Liberia is about that of Pennsylvania. The natural resources are very great, but, because of ignorant and careless cultivation, the production is not what it should be. The coast strip of land is fairly well administered by the Government, but not so much can be said for the interior. Six months ago it was reported that the interior was in a state of wild disorder, and even that the Government was in danger of being upset. On the basis of this report, English merchants canceled orders from Liberia and notified their patrons that it was unwise to ship merchandise until the country became quiet again. As

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a matter of fact, while there were political demonstrations, there was no revolution and no unrestrained turbulence—nothing of the Haytian kind, and nothing that could be compared with conditions in the Dominican Republic. For Liberia is not bankrupt, and is in no danger of becoming so. It is in debt, but so is the United States, and so is every other country whose credit is in any degree good. Liberia owes something like one million five hundred thousand dollars; Hayti's debt is about thirty millions. And Liberia has what Hayti has not—an immense area of productive land undeveloped and largely unexplored. Hence, if Liberia should be put up at auction, the European Powers, we believe, would gladly bid it in at many times the amount of the debt. The Republic's condition may be compared to that of an American farmer who has a rich quarter-section of land, but who happens to be short of ready cash with which to buy seed-wheat.

WHY LIBERIA SHOULD BE SAVED

Why, then, have we sent Commissioners to Liberia? It is true that the people there have their political differences, and that many of them do not like their present administration. Yet there is no lack of men among the Liberians competent to manage the affairs of state. From a traveler, not one of the Commissioners, who returned to this country in advance of them, after much thoroughgoing travel in Africa, we learn that the main trouble in Liberia lies in the quarrels of the Liberians with their neighbors, the English and the French. In 1871 the sum of $500,000 was loaned to Liberia by some English bankers, but only a small fraction of the money, it is claimed, ever reached the West Coast of Africa. Despite this, a second loan was secured in 1906 by means of the so-called Liberian Development Company, whose manager persuaded the Liberians to borrow $500,000, and to give the entire customs revenue of the Republic as security, with British officials as customs collectors. Meanwhile England insisted, so it is said, that its inspector of customs should be made financial adviser to the Liberian Government. Another reform insisted upon was that Liberia should establish a strong frontier force commanded by European officers. Liberia reluctantly consented, and three British officers came out. It is reported that a large percentage of the enlisted men were British subjects from Sierra Leone, and that, though the commandant had spent $60,000 on the forces, he refused to render any account of his expenditures. Finally the Liberian Government attempted to take over the camp. The commandant refused admission to the detachment of Liberian troops. The Liberian President ordered out the militia, and fixed the hour when the camp should be taken by assault, at the same time requesting the British Consul to order all his subjects out of the camp or take the consequences. The camp was evacuated. Meanwhile a mutiny broke out among the enlisted men. But all the trouble has not been with the British. On the other border of the Republic the French have apparently been as aggressive. In 1892 they forced the Liberians into a treaty ceding sixty miles of coast to France, and in 1905 forced a new agreement by which France secured large tracts along the northern border. It is for these reasons that Liberia needs saving, say the Liberians. It will be interesting to hear what the American Commissioners will have to say.

SCHOOLS FOR IMMIGRANT LABORERS

Attention has been called in these pages before to the very practical and successful philanthropic work carried on by the Society for Italian Immigrants in its labor camp schools. The great contracting firms engaged in the construction of private and public works, such as railways, or the Catskill Mountain reservoir and aqueduct for the city of New York, employ large gangs of foreign laborers, chiefly Italians. These laborers, often having their families with them, live in camps or little villages of fairly comfortable rough board houses, or "shacks." Miss Sarah Wool Moore, of the Society for Italian Immigrants, who, on behalf of the Society, has established schools in such camps, has given a very interesting account of the work of these schools in a paper recently read by her at the Conference of Charities and Correction, at Buf-

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falo. The ordinary labor camp, says Miss Moore, has little cheer:

Mud ankle-deep, beer-kegs and refuse at every corner, darkness unrelieved except by the flitting lantern; a night watchman the sole guardian of the peace; a place of toil, danger, separation—broken fragments of families, human kind crowded one upon another "like ducks," as one said, no spot to put apart the sick or even the dead; little children stifled in smoke, and taking "the drink" with their mother's milk; no Sunday rest, no week-day rest except the rainy day; music-hungry, heart-hungry, mind-hungry, mature men who are enigmas to the natives, bewildered strangers in a strange land, suspicious of evil because so often exploited, avoided and dreaded because unknown, and, worst of all, practically bereft of speech. Much of this may be changed for the better through a very simple agency, the school.

When, about four years ago, the Society for Italian Immigrants determined to attempt to introduce night schools in some of these great labor camps, no employer could be found to take the proposition seriously, but finally a broad-minded Italian contractor, employing six or seven hundred Italian laborers in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, gave the necessary permission and aid, and a camp school was established. The experiment was a success, and similar schools in other great labor colonies have since been established, chiefly among Italian workmen, although the work has been carried on also among Bulgars, Slavs, and Russians. Miss Moore has prepared an illustrated text-book in Italian, based upon the conversational or Sauveur method, in which the lessons, vocabulary, and illustrations deal with the tools and working experiences of the scholars. At the great Ashokan Dam a kindergarten for the littlest children of the workmen is carried on; the Italians call it a "guinea-garden," "guinea" being the slang or popular name among the American workmen for an Italian.

TEACHING ENGLISH PRACTICALLY

One of the great difficulties which confront the Italian laborers is that they do not understand the directions, commands, and warnings given to them in English by their foremen. This frequently results either in abusive treatment or in dangerous accidents.

We have a lesson, says Miss Moore, which we call "working in the hole," which means building out of concrete, deep under the river bed, the core-wall of the dam. Some fifteen men for each cableway receive and dump and then spread out the liquid concrete. The empty bucket, hoisted and trundled off on a cable from fifty to a hundred feet overhead, is soon replaced by a full one, weighing perhaps a ton, which is suspended for a moment, and then lowered from that height. While it is coming down, the call "Heads up" puts the men on their guard, and they receive and veer the loaded box to the spot where it is needed. This is repeated many times a day. A close record of successive orders given to these laborers in the "hole" shows, when analyzed, forty-two verbs used and twelve nouns. The verbs are variations on a root like *take:* Take back, take off, take up, take out, pull in, pull back, get in, get hold, get away, push, shove, knock out, spread out, dump over, shove crosswise, steady, etc.; and the things are shovels and chains and braces and the impending bucket.

To instruct their men pupils in the use of these verbs and the knowledge of these things, the teachers have rigged up a light box in the school-room, which, full of bean-bags, can be hoisted to the ceiling, lowered, gripped, pushed, and dumped. It is no wonder that the contractors highly approve of the influence upon their workmen of such a school, nor that in the pupils there has been developed a feeling of gratitude and loyalty to this country, which is expressed in the following extract from a composition by an Italian driver, a pupil of one of these schools:

I remember when I was with my family, when my mother was always after me, for lorn (learn) me to be a good and honest man. I remember when I did kiss her the last time redy to leave my country to rich (reach) the United States. Now I am here and am glad to have finded many good people who never refuse me his company, and trayed (tried) to teach me the shortest way to speak the new and strenger (strange) language. I hup my good teacher will excuse me if I do not use a very good language in this letter. I'll thank her very much for the nice way she teach me and I hup to stay here long so I can go to the school every nights traying to go ahead well with my new study.

Last week we discussed the evil results which are sure to follow when great mining and manufacturing corporations treat their foreign workmen not like men but like cheap machines. It is pleasant to record that contracting employers are perceiving more and more the value of the spirit engendered between employer and workman by labor camp

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schools such as Miss Moore describes. Such schools ought to have most generous support.

TURKEY IN REVOLUTION

Last week the Turks celebrated the first anniversary of the grant of a Constitution. The occasion calls renewed attention to the forces which brought about the possibility of such an event. It is appropriate, therefore, that two authoritative volumes on the subject should appear coincidentally, the first by Mr. Charles Roden Buxton, entitled "Turkey in Revolution" (Scribners); the second, "The Awakening of Turkey," by Mr. E. F. Knight (Lippincotts). Each author is well fitted to discuss the subject in hand. Each is a careful student of current politics. Each has been repeatedly in Turkey. But the points of view are interestingly different. Mr. Buxton has been a member of the English Balkan Committee since its foundation, and is, as may be gathered, a decided humanitarian. Mr. Knight would doubtless dislike being called anything else than a humanitarian, but he is not such in the sense in which Mr. Buxton appears before us. Anti-English critics have credited the Balkan Committee with deep political designs. As a matter of fact, it draws its members from all political parties, and has been united by the sole object of improving the condition of the European subjects of Turkey, no matter what their religion. The Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress, which brought about the revolution, invited the Balkan Committee to be present at the opening of the new Parliament at Constantinople. Mr. Buxton was one of those who accepted the invitation. Nine months before the grant of the Constitution, however, he had also been an eye-witness of the condition of affairs in Turkey. The first part of his book, therefore, like the first part of Mr. Knight's, deals with the origin of the revolution, for it is only against such a background that the new movement can be seen in its true colors. Both books are valuable on account of their illumination of recent history. For instance, we learn from Mr. Buxton how better to appreciate the very great part which France has played in the intellectual development of Young Turkey, for "it was through French books or French translations of English books, through intercourse with Frenchmen, through the ideas and traditions of French democracy, that the mind of Turkey was awakened. It was the exiles in Paris, again, who suggested to the reformers of Turkey the idea of a definite organization. It was in Paris that their activities culminated, at the end of 1907, in a secret revolutionary congress at which Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Jews, Arabs, and Albanians were all represented." It was also to Paris that, in the reign of Abdul Aziz, who died in 1876, the Liberals of his time fled. From this nucleus the present Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress ultimately grew. The most far-reaching work by the Committee, as we learn from both these authors, was among the officers of the army, and Macedonia was chosen as the chief field for its operations, because it was easier there than elsewhere to communicate with Europe. While Mr. Buxton gives us a picture of Macedonia, where the Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress first took shape on Turkish soil, more graphic than any found in Mr. Knight's book, the latter's description of the Turkish people, as differentiated from their Government, is more graphic than the corresponding description in Mr. Buxton's book. The city of Salonika, the ancient Thessalonica, was the key to the situation. Both authors give glowing descriptions of the beauty of the place and its great strategical importance. There was centered the flower of the Turkish army, namely, the Third Corps. The Ottoman Committee won over the great majority of the officers of this corps, and hence won over the real strength of the Turkish army. Had they not done this, the revolution might have been suppressed in a week. In time the converted officers won over the common soldiers, for, as Mr. Buxton points out, the relations between officers and men in the Turkish army are intimate; the rank and file follow their superiors like children. Both our authors show that, even if the revolution be followed by reaction, it has achieved something which no disasters can wholly wipe out. The work must remain as an

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example. Fortunately, it is built upon a vital force, the courage, patience, and persistence of a brave people.

THE SHORT VIEW OF THINGS

Every student of current events has to have "handy" some ready means of ascertaining the immediate antecedents of those events. But every general reader might well have such books of reference at hand. Two such are specially to be commended, the "Statesman's Year Book" (Macmillan) and the "International Year Book" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The "Statesman's Year Book" has become an indispensable complement to the library of every student of current politics. It has long been the student's wonder that Dr. Scott Keltie, its editor, has been able to compress so much information in such little space. The information for this year bulks larger than ever, for the year has seen such events as the change of the Congo Free State to a Belgian colony; the acquisition of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary; the independence of Bulgaria; the new Turkish Constitution; the revised Swedish Constitution; and the steps taken towards constitutional government in China. Yet so clever have been certain rearrangements in the volume that the book's size has not been appreciably increased. While the "Statesman's Year Book" gives statistics concerning the area, population, form of government, finance, trade, transportation, education, and other features of each country, there should also be a volume ready to the reader's hand reporting the progress of each year in various departments of science, art, literature, finance, industry, political, social, and religious history—in other words, a record not only of statistics but of events and of the current discussion aroused by them. It was, therefore, a great satisfaction when, a year ago, the publication of the "International Year Book" was resumed under the title "The New International Year Book." The volume narrating and interpreting the events of 1908 is now published. Its editor, Dr. Frank Moore Colby, justly believes that such a book ought in a measure to serve as a cure for what he aptly calls "the short view" of things. For the immediate past is too often taken for granted by a nation of magazine and newspaper readers. It would benefit every reader now and then to take a year's perspective of events.

DREADNOUGHTS AND THE UNEARNED INCREMENT

Much fun has been poked at the people of England for their present fear of invasion. Even Englishmen themselves have seen the humorous side of "scare ships" and foreign soldiers in the guise of waiters. Punch represents a body of English militiamen headed by a Territorial Officer demanding free passage of an old woman who keeps a toll-gate. He explains that they are not ordinary civilians; but the toll-keeper is obdurate. "But—er—suppose the Germans came and wanted to get across—what would you do?" And the toll-keeper answers, "Make 'em pay!"

If this fear of the possible invader were to spread over such a nation as the United States, it might be treated merely with humor as a groundless and amusing panic. England, however, is not the United States, nor is it France or Germany. The German Empire has many hearts; if one were pierced the rest would keep the Empire alive. But the British Empire has but one heart. If that were pierced, the Empire would be mortally wounded. That heart is England. To change the figure, the wealth of the British people is all in one safe. Is it folly that the owners of that wealth should demand of their trustees that the safe be impregnably guarded?

A while ago it seemed likely that the Liberal party now in power would be willing to shoulder the responsibility of limiting the new increase in naval defense to four battle-ships of the Dreadnought type. There is a considerable proportion of English people who would be entirely satisfied with that number. Those who believe in limitation of armaments are governed by motives highly creditable. They deplore any suspicion of provocation of war; they hate the spectacle of civilized nations in mutual emulation over acquiring machines for killing men; they want to turn the energies of the nation into efforts for relieving poverty and securing social

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justice. At the same time they demand a new and more equitable method of taxation; they urge that the burden ought to fall more heavily on the property-owner, and especially on those who through control of the land are enjoying an unearned increment. These anti-militarists and social reformers are naturally members or allies of the Liberal party; and it is obvious that the Liberal party would be inclined to formulate their wishes in law. In fact, it has done so in part in the budget which it has proposed, by which taxes proportionately heavier than before have been laid on property; by the action taken last week, however, it has not done so regarding the naval programme. It has declared formally that, in addition to the four Dreadnoughts already promised, it will undertake to build four more.

In building these new battle-ships the Liberal party says, in effect, We refuse to take the risk of economizing in national defense; we are aware that other nations —potential enemies—are strengthening their naval forces; and we recognize the reasonableness of the demand for a corresponding increase in our sea power. This demand, as has been suggested, comes from the great property-owners—those who by reason of their wealth have most intrusted to the safe which the Government must guard. At the same time the great property-owners are not in favor of the Liberal budget. Because it taxes the ownership of property, they call it Socialistic. They declare it to be a scandalous piece of finance, an attack on the rich, a bid for the support of the thriftless; they are not naturally members or allies of the Liberal party.

Thus the leaders of the Liberal party find the voters of England divided into two groups. On the one hand, there is the anti-militarist, social reform group; on the other, the pro-navy, anti-budget group. The Liberal party, facing these two groups, has taken a statesmanlike position. To the pro-navy group it says, You may have the ships; you are entitled to the defense they will afford; but you must bear the cost; and if you want them badly enough, you have no reason to complain if you are taxed in proportion. To the social reform group the Liberal party says, Yes, you can have your taxation programme; it is right that the property-owner should pay for the cost of protecting his property; but if you are going to tax the property-owner, you must give him the protection he demands; and what he asks for is a navy that will keep him free from anxiety about the property he owns. We are going to give these property-owners their Dreadnoughts, but, like the woman at the toll-gate, we'll "make 'em pay."

The principle on which the Liberal Government has acted is of universal application. It should be recognized in this country. Applied here to one issue, it would read like this: If the corporations want the protection of the Federal Government, they should pay for it. On the other hand, if the people want to tax and regulate the corporations, they should be willing to give them commensurate protection.

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE

Dr. Charles William Eliot, in a recent address before the Harvard Summer School of Theology, has described what he calls the "new religion." The President Emeritus of Harvard is not a theologian; he does not even profess to be a religious teacher; he is a layman. It is certainly significant of the religious spirit of the day that his words regarding the fundamentals of religion should have been made the subject of sermons in many pulpits, of editorials in many newspapers, and of many a conversation. This is a layman's period. It is the character of a man, the service he has rendered, not the ecclesiastical office which he holds, that lends weight to what he may say concerning the things of the spirit. Mr. Eliot, moreover, speaks not merely for himself, but for a large class. As he thinks, so think many others, accustomed, like him, to accurate observation and to freedom of inquiry. When, therefore, Mr. Eliot declares what he thinks the prevailing religion of the twentieth century is to be, there is a double reason for attending to what he says.

First, he declares what the "new religion" will not be; and then what it will be. In that religion as he conceives

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it there will be no authority, "either spiritual or temporal," "no deification of remarkable human beings," no tribal faith, no sudden conversions, no sacrifice and no substitute for sacrifice, no belief in malignant powers, no thought of man "as an alien or fallen being," "no place for obscure dogmas or mystery," "no supernatural element," "no sacraments, except natural hallowed customs," no such consolation as is offered by old religions, no imagination of the "justice" of God, no condemnation for the mass of mankind. What, then, are the positive elements of the new religion? First, there will be a new thought of God as one immanent in the world. "For every man God will be a multiplication of infinities." "The new religion will take account of all righteous persons," and it "will reverence the teachers of liberty and righteousness." "Its priests will strive to improve social and industrial conditions. . . . Prevention will be the watchword of the new religion, and a skillful surgeon will be one of its ministers. . . . Based on the two great commandments of loving God and one's neighbor, the new religion will teach that he is best who loves best and serves best, and the greatest service will be to increase the stock of good will."

Mr. Eliot asks, Can "an absolute monism" be "inspiring to the soul?" He believes that it will. The new religion will strengthen love and hope, and will in particular foster "a new virtue—the love of truth." It will teach men to serve their fellow-men. "Finally," says Mr. Eliot, "I believe the new religion will make Christ's revelation seem more wonderful than ever to us."

This, as gathered from the incomplete but nevertheless very full reports available, and as presented mainly in his own words, is Mr. Eliot's conception of the religion that is to be.

It often happens with the preacher that what he affirms is obscured by what he denies; and that his positive message fails of effect because he has mingled with it his doubts and disbeliefs. This, we think, is likely to be true of Mr. Eliot's address. And what is obscured in this instance is that, at a time when men of intellectual power like Haeckel are declaring that the "creating divinity" of the universe is the "mobile cosmic ether," and that the ultimate fact of life is not a personal God but "animated atoms," and when men of intellectual power like Metchnikoff are declaring that there is no such thing as unselfish service, but that the true spring of all conduct is enlightened selfishness, a man of science, who for forty years has been president of one of the great universities of the world, who has been steadfast and immovable in his advocacy of free research, and who is not a theologian and does not even profess to be a religious teacher, declares that the religion of the future is to be a religion of love to God and service of men.

This religion, in its affirmations, is new only in the sense that to be real it must be newly discovered and achieved by every age, and before it can be effectual in the life of an individual man it must be newly discovered and achieved by him. The principles are old—older than Jesus who enunciated them, for, as he said, on them hung the law and the prophets. Abstract principles, however, can never be the basis of a religion. Love to God and service of man are not the foundations of religion, they are the fruit of religion. Religion is the force that produces love to God and service of men. Religion, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, is the seizure on a "power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." And herein lies the secret of the triumph of historic Christianity. Whether it has been expressed in the ritual of the Roman mass, or in the silent assemblage of the Friends, whether it has been surrounded with dogma and uttered with authority or has remained unformulated, whether it has been made the refuge of souls burdened by intolerable pain and more intolerable wrong, or has been the encouragement of men who have been spared the bitterness of life, whether it has been the natural environment of a child or the sudden light that has burst on a man who has lived in the dark, Christianity has through the ages been enabling men to love God and serve their fellows, not by presenting them principles to contemplate, but by imparting to them a power which comes through faith in a person. As Dr. Abbott points out in his article on Theodore Parker, which appears on another

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page in this issue, this is what distinguishes historic Christianity from Absolute Religion.

The man who allows his irritability to get the better of him, or who finds his appetites too strong for him, or who is swept away from what he knows are principles of right by his greed for wealth, or who allows his indolence to wheedle him into disregarding the comfort and happiness of others, will never master his irritability, or conquer his appetites, or hold fast to his principles, or sacrifice his own comfort, by thinking on a multiplicity of infinities. A world that feels the power of a King Leopold, of a Sugar Trust, of an organized commerce in prostitution, needs something more than an absolute monism. Such a man, such a world, needs to have some experience of relationship to such a God as is manifest in the life and character of Jesus of Nazareth.

Like everything else, religion is subject to the law by which only the fittest survives. That religion cannot survive which does not supply mankind with this power. And this is the essence of that revelation of Christ of which Mr. Eliot speaks.

Such a faith must expand with the years. It will not do away with ritual, but it will find expression in an increasing variety of forms. It will not ignore the existence of malignant powers, but it will find new ways to defeat them. It will acknowledge the validity of natural laws by recognizing them as the expression of the Supernatural God in which we live and move and have our being. It will see in every triumph of justice or wisdom, whether secured by armies or by courts, the hand of God. It will bring consolation by the same process through which it searches for new ways of reducing "the need of consolation." While it will not cease on occasions to bring individuals suddenly to a determination to change from evil to good, it will set men to work more intelligently for such social improvement as will continuously lessen the power of evil over individuals. And, so far from underestimating the divinity of him to whom it owes its own existence, it will increase the power of all men to be like him. It is in this way, we believe, that "the new religion will make Christ's revelation seem more wonderful than ever to us." In this way, we believe, will develop the religion of the future.

THE SHORT BALLOT AGAIN

The electoral reform proposed by Mr. Richard S. Childs in a recent issue of The Outlook, and entitled "The Short Ballot," has excited an unusual amount of newspaper comment—much of it, we are bound to say, skeptical, if not adverse. This is not disappointing, because it is entirely natural. Americans are thoroughly saturated with the idea of democracy; they believe with all their hearts that this is a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Partly through the influence of French political philosophers in the period of struggle immediately preceding the birth of the American Republic, partly through tradition, partly through the unconscious and autonomous growth of political machinery, and partly through the persistently inculcated doctrines of the political "bosses," who wish to control nominations and elections, we have come to accept, as a fundamental part of our political creed, the belief that in order to have a representative government the people must choose and elect all their executive officers—or at least, if not all, as many as it is physically possible to crowd upon a ballot. We do recognize that there are some physical limitations; in New York we elect a Secretary of State, but we let him choose his deputies; we elect our State Treasurer, but we let him appoint his cashier. It is manifest, therefore, that a line is to be drawn somewhere. Mr. Childs proposes, not that we shall adopt a radically new system of government, but simply that we shall move the line, which everybody recognizes, a little further upward and vote for fewer officers, imposing upon those officers greater responsibilities of appointment. We should still have a representative government—in our judgment a more representative government, for the elected officers would be more intimately known and understood by the voters, and would therefore be held, both morally and practically, more responsible to the people.

From a mass of newspaper editorials

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which have come to our attention, we select three as voicing the typical objections to the idea of the short ballot. The Concord (New Hampshire) Patriot says: "If what Mr. Childs says be true, why not elect just one man in the State, as, say, Governor; one man in the county, as, say, Sheriff; and one man in the city, as, say, Mayor, and let him fill all the other places?" Why not, indeed, with the modification of having the voter also elect one or two representatives to a legislative council which shall co-operate with the executive? This is the method employed in the National Government, and it works entirely successfully. The Presidents of the United States, from the days of Washington, have represented the American people and have protected them in their democratic rights more completely and more successfully than the State administrations of any State, or of all the States. The Patriot goes on to say that New Hampshire has tried the short ballot plan with large appointive power, and it has proved a failure; that New Hampshire has not had a Governor in decades who has really represented the people, and who has not made his appointments from corrupt or selfish or weak motives. Our answer is, first, that New Hampshire has never tried the short ballot plan. A 1904 ballot of the New Hampshire city of Manchester includes, outside of the National offices, thirty-one sets of candidates. This is not a short ballot, but, on the contrary, is one of the longest in the country. "Neither the people of New Hampshire nor any other State," says Mr. Childs, "are competent to elect thirty-one officers on one day with any degree of discrimination. Nothing but a long-established and adroitly managed political machine can handle the task of making nominations for such a multitude of offices. It is not strange, then, that the machine can control, not only the minor officials, but also the Governor." But suppose that the Patriot were correct, and that New Hampshire voters, by means of the short ballot, had elected corrupt Governors for decades. Is the remedy to give them the opportunity to elect a great body of corrupt subordinate officers? Does the pessimistic maxim, "Set a thief to catch a thief," provide a cure for our political ills? Decidedly not. The remedy in New Hampshire is to center the power of executive action and direct responsibility to the people in the Governor, and then to educate the voters so that they will make short shrift of a Governor who does not represent them as they desire.

The second objector is the Aurora (Illinois) Beacon, which asserts that the voters in Illinois on the whole know the personal qualifications for office of the candidates presented to them for election upon the present ballot, and desire to act for themselves upon that knowledge. We concede the fact that a high degree of intelligence prevails in the State of Illinois, but we doubt whether the citizens of Aurora are competent to decide, or are interested in deciding, whether the State Engineer knows enough differential calculus properly to determine the strain on an arch in one of their new highway bridges; or whether the trustees for the University of Illinois, for whom they vote, are fitted to select a professor of agricultural chemistry for that admirable institution. Yet these are exactly the kind of questions which the citizens of Illinois ought to give attention to if they are going to vote intelligently for some of the candidates now presented for their inspection and suffrage. The absurdity of imposing mathematical or chemical responsibilities on the voter is manifest.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Leader is another objector to the short ballot plan, and its opinion is typical of a somewhat general but not very carefully reasoned skepticism. The Leader is inclined to believe that a more efficient democratic government would follow the concentration of all responsibility upon fewer elected public servants, but it also believes that the American people do not want this kind of reform. "The majority, it is probable, would prefer to be badly and wastefully governed and still governed directly by men of their own choosing rather than to be well governed and have their public business efficiently administered if it had to be done by officials whom the people did not select." If the Leader means to say "by officials *all* of whom the people did not select," we take issue with it; we do not think Americans want bad government in exchange for electing *all*

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public servants. They do, however, desire that the officials whom they do elect shall mind their business, shall feel their responsibility, and shall be responsive to the popular will. The Postmaster-General of the United States, who is appointed by the President, answers to these requirements quite as fully as the President himself. If there is any executive department of the Government the head of which the people might naturally feel should be selected by them and by them alone, it is the director of the post-office. But the fact that he is an appointed and not an elected official does not make him immune from the exercise of the popular will. A Postmaster-General whose acts met with a storm of disapproval from every part of the country would at once resign or be dismissed from any Cabinet, except, perhaps, that of a President Johnson; and President Johnson could not have been elected in accordance with the short ballot principle.

It appears to us conclusive that the burden of proof rests upon the objectors to the short ballot idea; it needs more evidence than has been so far presented to convince The Outlook that it is not easy to understand, simple of application, politically efficient, and more in accord with the principles of representative government than our present method of trying to select all public officers by popular choice.

THE POET OF VISION

The centenary of the birth of Tennyson will be honored by a very different England from that in which the poet was born: a greater, freer, more powerful England, moving towards a more just and generous ordering of society. When the beautiful group of children were playing together in the rectory at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, the Napoleonic wars were drawing to an end, and a period of reaction was at hand from the stagnation of which England was not to be set free until the rising tide of spiritual and political vitality found expression in Tennyson's contemporaries. It was his great service, as it was his unique good fortune, to bring the finest qualities of a ripe and rich past to the free and noble expression of larger ideals of civic and social life. Bred under the finest influences in English civilization, he was, far more than many Radicals, a man of his time, not as a servant, but as a prophet. There was in him none of the crudity and rawness of the agitator; he had the vision, the elevation, the noble dignity of the great leader. Half a hundred men of the hour, hot with wrath against the wrongs of the hour, but only partly articulate, have come and gone since the slender volumes of 1830 and 1832 made their appearance; but Tennyson remains the teacher of the wider truth, the prophet of the larger life. His melody has often set against him those to whom the sense of the human brotherhood is dumb unless it breaks into shrieks of pain or hate; many lurid lights have been hailed as fixed stars and have obscured for the moment his steady ray; but his star shines with a planetary light, while the comets have gone out in darkness.

From every point of view Tennyson was one of the greatest Englishmen of his century; it may appear at the end of another hundred years that no other man of his age so completely summed up and expressed the best in English life, so adequately registered the spiritual movement of the nineteenth century. From the day when the volume of 1842 gave "Ulysses," "Locksley Hall," "A Vision of Sin," and "The Two Voices" to the world, there was something authoritative and final about Tennyson's position; he won early the laurel which rests only on the writers of classical quality of thought and art. He caught the deeper notes of his age, and set them to a music which not only captivated the ear but evoked the response of the mind and heart of that age.

He had the great good fortune to be educated by companionship with the masters of thought and speech. Other forms of training are necessary for other men, but for the leaders, not simply of political and economic movements, but of the soul of humanity, there is no education so fundamental, liberating, and enriching as intimate companionship with the makers of language and literature, the thinkers and poets, to whom the deep things of life have been revealed. The adequacy of utter-

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ance, the sureness of speech, the purity and nobility of style, which come only from being in the society of the masters, were Tennyson's by inheritance from his father's teaching in the Somersby rectory, and, later, by breathing the air of Cambridge. He would have been great under any training, but the accent of perfect taste, the felicity of perfect music, the skill which made his speech a part of his thought, were his because of his education.

The tremendous tasks of the nineteenth century called for men of tireless energy and for men of action equal to opportunities which were duties as well. It was fortunate for England that the life of her Poet Laureate, the official head of her literature, was so completely detached from practical activity and so rich in the highest resources of the ripest civilization. It is impossible to know how Tennyson lived at Aldworth and Farringford, what landscapes met his eyes in those tranquil years, what books were at his hand, what companionships were his, without being impressed by the wonderful richness of his life in those things which give life nobility and enrich it beyond the dreams of avarice. In a commercial age and country it was England's good fortune to make room for a career singularly detached from commercialism in every form, singularly free to shape itself, not to the demands of the hour, but to the highest needs of the human spirit. While it fell to the lot of a host of men to deal with things that perished even while they were shaped for the needs and uses of the time, it was Tennyson's happy fortune to live continually and consciously in the presence of immortal thoughts and convictions. He had the kingly air which has rarely gone with the historic crowns, and there was something kingly in his spirit and life; the detachment from affairs, not of a man who draws away from his fellows, but of a man who thinks for them, sees for them, speaks for them; the man remote from their turmoils and toils that he may, as in a vision, interpret their works and days to them. To those who know what affection gathered about the poet, how pure and sacred and deep were the springs of his happiness, how resolutely the doors of his seclusion were barred against the intrusion of curiosity and protected from the insolence of those to whom a great human spirit is a business asset to be exploited, Tennyson would stand justified if he had never written a line, but had been content to live with such noble simplicity and dignity.

As mechanism becomes more magical in its cunning and more wonderful in its variety, and enormously increasing products require warehouses of gigantic proportions, and men multiply the inventions which supplement their senses and magnify their powers, the function of the poet must gain new dignity and value; for the sole value of the things we produce is the efficiency of their ministry to our spirits. The spell of colossal fortunes is already largely broken; great wealth has been and is so often allied with moral squalor and personal misery that it no longer appeals to the imagination as it did before it had been so obviously vulgarized in the using. That lust of work which is the excess of active energy will not long satisfy a race which has never been able to find peace in action detached from intellectual aims and spiritual freedom; even the large and wholesome prosperity which is coming to society, bringing with it better sanitation, sounder health, more play, wider freedom of education and opportunity, will not make men content. A hungry soul cannot be fed with bread; and the hunger of the soul is as fierce and insistent as that of the body. The wider and more engrossing the work of the world becomes, the greater will be the need of those who have the vision of its ultimate purpose and are able to set models and designs before an army of toilers whose eyes are fastened on their tasks. We are in the very center of the commercial age; but that age has no more finality than had the classical, the mediæval, the feudal age; these diverse periods are only moments in the long life of humanity. Other and higher ages await the race; a better and happier ordering of society will come out of present confusion and turmoil.

To men upon whom the task falls, the vision is not a luxury but a necessity; they must have it to keep their sanity, their spiritual manhood, their happiness. They need vision far more than they need work; they need moral and spiritual leaders far more than they need great

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economists and statesmen; without the far outlook, the distant prospect, the lift of the sky above the weary road, the splendor of the stars above sorrow and care and disappointment, humanity grows not only restless under the burdens of life but dangerous in temper. Tennyson was one of the men of vision who make the tasks of life bearable, one of those prophets who make the mystery of life intelligible, one of those leaders who make the way visible through clouds and darkness. His art was exquisite; his touch was often magical; but after a hundred years in this heavily tasked age it is his vision that seems most precious and enduring.

A PRIEST AMONG MEN

The Rev. Dr. William Reed Huntington, who died at Nahant, Massachusetts, last week, was one of the foremost citizens of Greater New York; he was also one of the leaders of Greatest New York; not the New York of business, fashion, and frivolity which the newspapers report in such detail, and which many people in the country think the only New York, but the New York of devoted and tireless religious activity, of broad and far-reaching philanthropies, of abounding charity, of nobly planned educational institutions, of ardent and efficient service of humanity through character, piety, and wisely planned effort.

Probably no church in New York is known to a larger number of people throughout the United States than Grace Church. One of the most perfect churches architecturally in the country, the lovely bit of garden by which it is framed emphasizes its position on Broadway, where the tides of life rise and fall six days in the week. To many people this fine structure, with its religious atmosphere, its dignified services, and its delightful music, has been, by reason of its wealth and the social prominence of its membership, only a "fashionable church." As a matter of fact, it is one of the most generous and active churches in the country, carrying on a work which would tax the strength of many large communities, with a rector as devoted as the most consecrated missionary, and as burdened with work as a pioneer preacher on the frontier. To enumerate the buildings owned by Grace Church, and the organizations through which it both preaches and practices the Gospel of Christ, would fill half a column. The head and heart of this group of institutions for the betterment of men for twenty-five years was Dr. Huntington.

As the work of Grace Church shows how dangerous it is to identify wealth with worldliness, the success of Dr. Huntington shows how misleading it is to say that the minister has lost the power which once came from his message and must hold his congregation by novel and striking methods. No man in the American pulpit was freer from sensationalism than Dr. Huntington; his methods of work were adapted to the needs of the time and he used the language of his age, but his message was as old as Christianity and was presented with a simplicity and directness which were of the very essence of the preacher's power and influence.

A man of New England birth, graduated from Harvard, Dr. Huntington was first curate in Emmanuel Parish, Boston, then rector of All Saints', Worcester, and twenty-five years ago came to Grace Church, New York. What might have been a church of the idle rich, under his ministry as under that of his predecessor, Bishop Potter, was a church of tireless workers; a pulpit which might have been the vantage-ground for the display of oratorical gifts, or for self-advertising in some of its many forms, was a place of inspiration and spiritual leadership; a parish which might have tempted a man to spend himself in restless energy seemed to confirm Dr. Huntington's habits as a student and thinker. He had a singularly quiet spirit in the central roar and tumult of the great city; he was a self-effacing preacher of the highest truth from a pulpit of the greatest prominence; one of the most tireless organizers in the metropolis, he was one of its most studious and meditative men. His sermons were never what used to be called "great efforts;" for Dr. Huntington had both the preaching and the literary instinct, and his pulpit utterances were notable for a certain beautiful simplicity, which was not only an expression of the fine sincerity of his nature, but of his ripe culture and his sense of art in writing. There was a vein of poetry in

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him, and occasionally his initials appeared in connection with some striking sonnet called forth by some appeal to his imagination or to his quick moral sense. His courage was as pronounced as his quietness of manner, and the prophet in him lost no whit of force because he did not go about clad in rough garments or make his home in the desert.

Few men have been able to serve their fellows in as many ways as Dr. Huntington did. This was because few men are so evenly developed on so many sides as Dr. Huntington was. In his religious belief he was something of a mystic, and by his sermons he was able to bring men where they could see how all life is surrounded by mysteries as by a great deep; and yet at the same time he displayed all the qualities of the astute business man in carrying out the complicated affairs of his church. He saw the necessity of making the church serve the practical needs of a heterogeneous population, and he knew the value to the people of the most commonplace material benefits; and yet he did not forget the poetry that is latent in all men, and it was characteristic of him to entertain with delight the suggestion that there should be maintained in perpetuity a little flock of sheep on the greensward by the church on Broadway. He recognized the power and place of ritual, and he succeeded in his efforts for the revision of the Prayer Book of his Church; at the same time he conducted services in his church so simple that people unacquainted with his Church's ritual felt at home while participating in them. He was a believer in the dignity and the greatness of his communion, and was proud to be called a Churchman; but he was a leader within his own Church in more than one movement for affiliation with other bodies of Christians; he was a supporter in particular of the successful effort to open the pulpit of the churches of his communion to ministers of other denominations, and for over forty years was a stanch advocate of church union. As a preacher he was scholarly and devout, and he avoided the sort of publicity into which clergymen often find it easy to enter by means of sermons on public and current events; and yet, as the sonnet which we print on another page evinces, he did not hesitate to speak clearly on matters of even a political nature whenever they called for moral judgment. He was a devoted follower and worshiper of Jesus Christ, and he acknowledged his Master as a friend and companion, but he had a faith which was not exclusive, but inclusive, and which compassed others whose faith was not as his. The spirit of such a leader as he was is often best exemplified, not by the leader himself, but by those who follow him. On the first anniversary of the Kishineff massacre some thousands of Russian Jews marched up Broadway in a solemn and sorrowing memorial procession. As the throng reached Grace Church the bell was tolled and one of the clergy stood at the door with bared head. As one of this throng has testified in a letter to the New York Times, this simple act showed to those immigrants that the Christianity of America is not like that of those priests whose bigotry has been largely responsible for Jewish persecution in Russia. As truly as anything Dr. Huntington ever did himself, this indicated his sense of brotherhood.

As preacher, organizer, spiritual guide and consoler this rare man hid his own griefs and trials behind his vocation as the teacher and helper of his fellows. His reticence about himself seemed to concentrate all his power on helpfulness for others. His life was lived under the shadow of a great bereavement, so sacred in its memories that it was rarely if ever spoken of in his presence; but his deep and beautiful fidelity to one dear memory sent sadness through his whole nature, and gave him a rare power of consolation. The open grave of a stranger was to him a place of personal sorrow, and every grief to which he ministered was interpreted by his own grief. His sympathy was quick and fertile in resource, and his first thought was one of practical helpfulness. But his keen intelligence kept guard over his generous nature, and his service was as wise as it was heartfelt. In his own communion his lifelong effort was to bring men of divergent views to a better understanding and a more efficient co-operation. His clearness and quickness of mind, his precision and force of statement, his wit, and

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his irenic spirit were best seen in the General Conventions of the Episcopal Church. He was the most effective debater in these assemblies, and always a wise and far-seeing leader. Thoroughly in sympathy with the democratic movement of the age, and a consecrated servant of humanity, Dr. Huntington never spoke smooth words when fiery ones were needed; never courted popular favor; never sought recognition of any kind; more than once refused to be made a bishop; was unspoiled by universal affection, and uncorrupted by reputation and influence; wore to the end the white flower of a blameless and beautiful life; and died, as he had lived, calmly, quietly, doing his work to the very end.

THE SPECTATOR

It would seem that, with fair weather, nothing could enhance the charm of an ordinary day in the English Lake Countrr; but the rare chance of witnessing theye the observance of one of the old village customs in all its quaint simplicity increases one's delight and gives a delicious sense of atmosphere. To the Spectator the rush-bearing at Grasmere was a beautiful and picturesque festival. The little village claims to be the only place where the custom has an unbroken record from remote ages. Its origin dates back to early times when the floors of dwellings and churches consisted of hard earth which was covered with rushes, and once a year the inhabitants of the towns and villages enjoyed the great ceremony of going in procession to the church to strew the floor with newly cut rushes. A present form of this festival is held at Grasmere on the Saturday after St. Oswald's Day (August 5th). For this saint the little church is named.

In consequence of this observance the Spectator found the tiny village crowded with visitors, and no lodgings to be had except at the boot-maker's, whose house and shop were separated from the small and ancient church only by a lawn and the winding stream Rothay. The villagers combine the rushes—now no longer needed for a carpet—with wild flowers, and make them into various forms suggesting Christian truths. In the late afternoon the children assemble with these designs and arrange them along the churchyard wall, where the villagers and hundreds from the surrounding country come to admire, or at least to study, the wonderful devices. Moses in the bulrushes is still a leading favorite, and the Spectator was privileged to view a little china Moses lying on a soft white bed in a nest of rushes. The flaxen-haired baby carrying this marvelous exhibit had the honor later of leading the children in the May-pole procession, followed closely by a small girl, led by the hand, and bearing the serpent from the Garden. This device must have measured five feet, and, as it was in spiral form, its actual length could not have been less than twelve feet. The Spectator felt that, chronologically, the serpent should have had precedence of Moses in the parade.

Saturday evening, at six-thirty, when the clergy and choir and band and children are arranged for the procession, the hymn of St. Oswald is sung, the band plays the century-old "Rush-Bearing March," and they parade the village with bells ringing and crowds following. On returning to the church the garlands are hung about and a full choral evensong follows, with the rush-bearers' hymn, one stanza of which will indicate its antiquity:

"Our fathers to the House of God,
As yet a building rude,
Bore offerings from the flowery sod
And fragrant rushes strewed."

On the following Monday all the decorations are removed to a neighboring field, where the May-pole is set up and a regular gala day enjoyed by the children. To the Spectator this scene was a delight typically English; there was no cosmopolitan suggestion till he glanced at the two or three well-gowned and charming-looking women who worked hard in presiding over the refreshments and in distributing them to the villagers, parents and children. The Spectator found most interesting a record of this celebration by an old writer in the early years of the last century (July 21, 1827):

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"The church door was opened and I discovered that the villagers were strewing the floor with fresh rushes. During the whole of this day, I observed the children busily employed in preparing garlands of such wild flowers as the beautiful valley produces, for the evening procession, which commenced at 9 P.M. in the following order: The children, chiefly girls, holding these garlands, paraded through the village preceded by the Union Band (thanks to the great drum for this information). Then they entered the church, where the three largest garlands were placed on the altar, and the remaining ones in various other parts of the place. In the procession I observed the opium-eater Mr. Barber (an opulent gentleman residing in the neighborhood), Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, Miss Wordsworth, and Miss Dora Wordsworth. W. is the chief supporter of these rustic ceremonies. The procession over, the party adjourned to the ball-room, a hayloft at my worthy friend Mr. Bell's, where the country lads and lassies tripped it merrily and heavily. The dance was kept up till quarter to twelve, when a livery servant entered and delivered the following verbal message to Billy (the fiddler): 'Master's respects and will thank you to lend him the fiddle-stick.' Billy took the hint: the Sabbath was now at hand, and the pastor of the parish had adopted this gentle mode of apprising the assembled revellers that they ought to cease their revelry. The servant departed with the fiddle-stick, the chandelier was removed, and when the village clock struck twelve, not an individual was to be seen out of doors in the village." The Spectator thinks it must have been the "Union Band" which he heard.

On the outskirts of the pretty village stands "Dove Cottage," the house so closely associated with Wordsworth and where he lived for eight years. It had been a public-house bearing the sign of "The Dove and Olive Bough," and, though the poet is said to have lacked all sense of humor, he evidently possessed enough of this happy instinct to change the incongruous title. His joy in the acquirement of a humble home in this heavenly spot is perfectly expressed:

"And now 'tis mine, perchance for life, dear Vale,
Beloved Grasmere (let the wandering streams
Take up, the cloud-capped hills repeat the Name),
One of thy lowly dwellings is my home."

CHARLES THE BAPTIST[1]

BY WILLIAM REED HUNTINGTON

"It is reported that the frequenters of the race track and the hangers-on at dance halls found amusement in referring to Governor Hughes as Charles the Baptist."

What went ye to the wilderness to see?
A reed wind-shaken? All the winds that blow
Stir not this oak ye have mistitled so—
Unskilled to tell a bulrush from a tree.
What went ye to the wilderness to see?
Some sleek, belackeyed club-incumbent? Lo,
Such palace wearers of soft clothing know
The buttered side too well their haunt to flee.
But this is Charles the Baptist, rugged, true.
His honest gospel makes the desert ring
With wholesome echoes seldom caught of late.
Not for his neck the ax just edged anew,
Herodias' bitter spite, Salome's fling;
These shall not harm a hair of Charles the Great.

[1] Written for the New York Evening Post and reprinted by permission. See editorial on another page.

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BUILDING A NATION IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY AN EX-CONSUL

THE Parliaments of Cape Colony, Natal, Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal have accepted, with only minor amendments, the draft "South Africa Act," under which the most important of the British possessions in subtropical Africa will be federated. The referendum of the measure to the public of Natal has been overwhelmingly in favor of the Act; and all that now remains to be done is to secure the passage of the final addresses for union at the reassembled Convention, and thereafter the royal assent. From the outset King Edward and his Ministers have been strongly in support of federation, and no delay is likely to follow the submission of the scheme to the Crown. Therefore we may say that, to all intents and purposes, South Africa has definitely pledged itself to union, and is about to take its place as one of a trio of great nations—of which Australia and Canada are the others—acknowledging allegiance to the British throne, yet practically autonomous in all save foreign relations.

Heretofore the four colonies have been divided by petty differences, made important at times by racial feeling; and statesmen have foreseen that in order to become a nation South Africa needed a national spirit. In that spirit a conference met at the close of last year, and delegates from all the colonies set to work upon their heavy task of formulating a plan of union acceptable to all. It speaks well for the ability and moderation of the members of the Convention that in less than seven months after the first session a scheme of federation was prepared, submitted to the colonial Parliaments, and by them approved. The draft Constitution is plainly influenced by Canadian, Australian, German, and American precedent; and if the plan is not found good in practice, it cannot be attributed to any lack of examples by which to profit. The delegates drew upon all the sources of federal accomplishment throughout the world. It is impossible here to rehearse all the terms of the new Act, but a few of the salient points are necessary to an understanding of the subject.

The Sovereign of England is to be represented by a Governor-General over all the union. Legislative functions will be vested in a Federal Parliament consisting of a Senate and House of Assembly. The Senators will be forty in number, eight to be chosen by the Governor-General and eight to be elected by each of the four colonial Parliaments. The House of Assembly will be elected by popular vote, and will at first be in the following proportion: Cape Colony, 51 members; Transvaal, 36; Natal, 17; and Orange Free State, 17. (It is noteworthy that under the new Act the Orange River Colony reverts to its old name, Free State, which it bore before the war with England.) These members may be increased as may be required by increase in population. The powers of the Federal Government embrace all matters of national finance and policy. Purely provincial legislation is vested in "provincial councils," one in each colony or province, and these councils will consist of the same number of members as are elected to the Federal Assembly by each State. The executive power in the provinces will rest with administrators to be appointed by the Governor-General. The courts of the Federation will be remodeled on lines similar to the legislative changes. There will be one Supreme Court of South Africa, and in each province superior courts from which appeal may be made to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. Existing laws will remain in force where practicable, and it is hoped that the differences between local legislative enactments can be smoothed away without doing violence to any section of the country. All revenues and public debts of the States are to be vested in the Federal Government, and all railways and harbors will become the property of the Federation. Provision is made in the Act whereby Rhodesia and the British protectorates may be admitted to the union at a later date.

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The question of the location of the Federal capital, which seemed to present great difficulties, has been overcome in an entirely novel way. The Legislature will meet in Cape Town, but with that exception the seat of government will be Pretoria, so South Africa will have two capitals, and both Cape Colony and the Transvaal therefore find it possible to agree to the scheme of union. The present capitals of the other two states are to be compensated for removing their governmental dignities from them.

So far we have seen merely the instruments of union, but they would prove of no avail were there not a *spirit* of union behind them. It is in that spirit that we find the most remarkable of all the strange features of South Africa's union, and it may be of interest to turn to that phase of the case.

It is but six years since the ashes of the South African War ceased to glow—less than six years since race hatred was white hot from the Zambesi River to the Cape of Good Hope. To-day, as we have seen, the Parliaments of four colonies—in three of which the Dutch are in the majority—have adopted a scheme for the federation of all British South Africa. Two of those colonies are British solely by virtue of conquest in the recent war; a third is bound by the closest ties of blood and tradition with the Dutch people; and only one of the four is essentially British in ideals and aspirations. By all the omens, then, the greater part of southern Africa should be anti-British in spirit, if not in act. Yet the leaders of the Dutch party throughout the land emphatically assert that their people are entirely loyal to the British Crown, against which for three years they expended all their powers of warfare. The assertion seems to be false on the face of it. Surely this is mere lip-loyalty, and when the opportunity occurs, the whole South African Dutch race will rise and sweep the British into the sea.

That is the opinion which is entertained by a great many people in England and by a few in South Africa. They argue with perfect plausibility that it is practically impossible for a conquered people to transfer its honest allegiance to a conquering power without the intervention of a long period of transition and blending. The Dutch are imbued with a patriotism more ardent than most. There is never a Dutchman or Dutchwoman worthy the name who does not cherish within a fierce fire of love for the country, and skeptical persons point to this well-known truth, and ask, "Are these men and women sincere when they profess faithfulness to the flag which has supplanted their beloved *Vierkleur?*"

Now, in spite of the array of all the probabilities against such a state of affairs, it is absolutely certain that the loyalty which is given by the South African Dutch is true and without reservation so far as the better classes are concerned. Doubtless there are a few irreconcilables in the outlying districts, but fully nine-tenths of the burghers and their families are convinced that it is their duty to be loyal to the British Government. It would be folly to suppose that the Dutch love the British flag. That will be reached only after many years. But they have a deep respect for the flag, and from respect to affection is a natural progression, although it may be a slow one.

In order to understand how it is possible for a nation so soon to adopt a new allegiance and cease to long for the old, it is necessary to know something of the history of the race and something also of its mode of thought. The term "Boers," which is applied by the South African Dutch to themselves, means simply tillers of the soil, and in the early days it was a just appellation, for all the Dutchmen were farmers. There were no settlements deserving a greater name than villages. Nowadays the conditions have altered somewhat, and one finds Dutchmen in every walk of life, but the title "Boer" still clings. The early Boers, after being driven from the Cape Colony into the interior, sought to establish themselves in Natal and on the highland beyond the great mountain chain of the Drakensberg. For many years they maintained a precarious foothold in those districts, and pursued an almost incessant warfare against the Bushmen, Basutos, and Zulus, whom they found in possession of the land. Times out of number the farmers were surprised and butchered by the natives. The Dutch folk say that every foot of the land is stained by blood of their forefathers.

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But at last, when peace had been restored in some parts of the country and hostilities had become less frequent in the others, the oncoming British again appeared to challenge the Dutch for supremacy, and after a brief and ineffectual resistance the farmers moved on once more. This migration carried nearly all of them into the highland which they named Orange Free State and Transvaal. On this great tableland, which seemed to the weary pioneers a very Canaan of promise, they had comparatively little difficulty in establishing themselves. The native inhabitants were fewer than in the lowlands, and everything seemed to smile upon the settlers. Far and wide they spread across the country, each man taking as much land as he listed. There was room enough for all and to spare. The solemn, God-fearing old *Voortrekkers*, as they were called, laid down the musket—not quite out of reach, for one never knew when it might be needed—and took up the spade and the plow. They sought out sheltered places near the fountains or springs, and began to build for themselves houses and cattle kraals after the fashion of those which they had left on the coast. They planted enough land to yield them food for their modest requirements, set out a few willow trees around each homestead, suffered their flocks and herds to roam and multiply upon the boundless *veldt*, and then sat down with their long pipes and their great bowls of coffee to enjoy that unbroken monotony of bucolic existence which, after a generation of fighting and restless going forward, appeared to them as the goal of their ambition. They were a community of primitive democracy, having a rude code of laws which they observed when convenient. Crime was almost unknown among them. Hospitality was their watchword. Severe Calvinism was their creed.

When men dwell in undisturbed communion with the sublime grandeur of Nature, they invariably become animated by a spirit of simplicity which is nearly akin to greatness. The Boers may not have thought much about the splendid wealth of natural beauty around them; they may have been ignorant of the eloquence of the vast expanse of rolling land and brilliant skies; but, whether they were so or not, their surroundings had a great effect upon them. They looked out upon their broad possessions and knew that they were precious; they remembered the years of struggling away from the trammels of conventional civilization, and with grave and awed voices they praised God for the gift of an abiding-place which they believed to be the fairest on earth. What wonder was it, then, that their patriotism grew and flourished more and more with every year that passed? It became the very breath of life to them.

But the end of this happy state of affairs was at hand. First diamonds and then gold came to light, and the eyes of the world were turned upon this forgotten region. Suddenly the Boer found himself a factor in the politics of that great world with which he had no sympathy; and perforce he began to assume, but reluctantly, the duties and responsibilities which the possession of untold wealth cast upon him. Yet the intense fervor of patriotism did not wane, and when, as was inevitable, the war came, both men and women went calm and determined into the firing lines. Most of them believed that they would triumph. A few of the leaders knew that they would surely lose. But the whole nation was driven to do its utmost for the defense of the land which was dearer than life. The issue of the war was a foregone conclusion; the only question was its duration; and when the conquered people recognized the fact of defeat, peace was proclaimed. The old four-colored flag was gone from all the flagstaffs. The hated Union Jack waved exultantly in every breeze.

Statesmen in England spoke openly of the danger which the sullen Boers would be to British dominion. It was predicted that several generations would pass before the enmity of the Dutch would be wiped away. Yet other statesmen decided upon an apparently foolhardy policy, and these, being for the time in power, were able to carry out their plans. They deliberately gave the privilege of representative institutions to the colonies where the Boers, smarting under defeat, were in the majority; and so the world was treated to the unparalleled sight of a conquered race having full legislative powers in a country from which the army of invasion had not withdrawn. It certainly was a hazardous

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experiment, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it would have failed. That it not only did not fail but was completely satisfactory is attributable to the very fierceness of patriotism which was supposed to be the chief obstacle in the path of peace. Had the Boers been a whit less devoted to their land and a whit more devoted to their individual ambitions, the experiment would have been a failure, and would probably have led to a countless number of "unpleasantnesses" here and there throughout the new colonies. But because they loved their land, and thought only of its welfare, they accepted the gift that was bestowed upon them and set themselves to work to make good the ravages of the war and to establish the country upon a lasting basis of prosperity. They would have preferred a grand federation of all the states under the Dutch standard, but they saw that such a dream was not to be fulfilled, and therefore they decided to expend their energies for the upbuilding of a South African nation under the British flag. Whatever fate awaits the attempt, there is no longer any valid reason to doubt the sincerity of the Boer leaders who are controlling the situation.

Not long ago I brought to the notice of one of the foremost members of the Transvaal Government a statement to the effect that the Dutch people were only ostensibly loyal, and that when the chance occurred the whole nation would rush to arms again and renew the struggle for independence.

"I have seen several assertions of this kind," he replied, "but do you truly think that we are mad? What can we possibly gain by further resistance? That is the question which people should ask themselves before they make such statements. England has given us a degree of independence for which we dared not hope, and I assure you that we appreciate the gift. Of course we shall always treasure the memory of the old régime, but that will not interfere with our making the best of the new. There is absolutely no foundation for believing that there is any underhand scheme for re-establishing the old republics."

That is the opinion of all the leaders of what may be called the Young Dutch party, and they are the men whose word will sway the minds of ninety per cent of the people. It is simply an instance of rapid recognition of fact and earnest desire to do the best that may be done to save their beloved country from further distress and ruin. It is a trimming of sails to the wind—of that there is no doubt—but it is robbed of the obloquy which usually attaches to that proceeding by being also a true endeavor to bring the ship of state safely to its haven. And when it is regarded in this light, there is something very much like greatness in the mind of a people which can overlook personal sentiment and see only the good of the community at large. Instead of an interest ethnical the Boers have adopted an interest national. They have decided to construct polity rather than policy.

The idea which the British residents of South Africa have in view in promoting a scheme of federation is far less subtle than that which occupies the minds of the Dutch. Britain naturally desires to have every one of its colonial possessions in the most prosperous condition possible, and it is evident that South Africa a federated country is infinitely preferable to South Africa a disconnected group of states. The ordinary English settler has no dislike for his Dutch neighbor, and is quite ready to make a friend of him. The war is over, and both sides fought well. It is not difficult for one of the conquering race to be magnanimous. Furthermore, the Briton always remembers the commercial aspect of every question, and he sees that the business conditions of the whole country will be greatly improved by the union of colonies.

There is a third factor in the case, and one that is often forgotten, but nevertheless is of great importance. This is the element which is called "Colonial"—that is, people who were born and bred in the colonies. In South Africa these Colonial people are generally very pronounced in their loyalty to Great Britain, and at times they do not hesitate to speak in anything but glowing terms of their Dutch neighbors; but they and the Boers understand one another. They have fought side by side against black foes, and they have fought face to face. Therefore they have a wholesome respect for each other's valor, and at heart they have a great

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liking one for the other. Moreover, the Colonials have intermarried with the Boers so often that it is almost impossible to draw the line between the races. In many of his characteristics the Colonial is like the Boer, and when talking with two men, one representing the better class of Boer and the other the Colonial, one discovers that they are the same in speech, manner, and thought. Therefore the Colonial may be considered as the intermediary between the two races, and may exercise a vast power for harmony. He can smooth the way to union as no one else can smooth it, and the comprehension of this truth is gaining prevalence every day. At the close of the war the Colonial was more bitter in his treatment of the Boers than was any Englishman, but that phase of affairs soon passed, and to-day the Colonial understands that it is his duty as well as his privilege to take a prominent part in the federation of all South African interests. And then, as I have said, the Boer and the Colonial are good friends at heart.

Aside from all the commercial and sentimental reasons for a South African federation is one that is of more urgent importance than all the others. This is the question of the governance of the natives, who in that country are to the white people as ten is to one. For the most part, the blacks are a peaceful and harmless race in these days, but no man can tell at what minute trouble may occur. Rebellion may spring up without an instant's warning, and when that happens, it is imperative that all branches of the paramount race shall stand shoulder to shoulder against a common peril. If calm and contentment are to prevail among the natives—and by means of these insurrection can be set at a far distance—there must be uniform and intelligent legislation and execution of the laws throughout all the land. The conflict of differing laws in different states sets a premium upon discontent among the natives. The native question is the most serious problem before the people of South Africa, now and at all times, and great expectations are cherished of the benefits which will accrue to native administration under a Federal Government.

There are many practical aspects of federation which might be considered. Such are the pooling of railway receipts, the joint control of all harbors, the matter of customs tariff, and many more which occupy a great deal of space in the Constitution. All are important and all have excited keen discussion among the several colonies, but it is in the phenomenally rapid welding of the South African white races that the outside world chiefly takes interest. Nothing like it has ever been recorded in the annals of civilization.

It would be impossible to find a better illustration of the spirit of amity which is abroad in South Africa than was afforded by the recent Conference of delegates, met at Durban, Natal, to discuss the prospects of federation and to produce the scheme which has now been accepted by the Parliaments of the Transvaal, Orange River Colony, Cape of Good Hope, and Natal. The Conference met in the Town Hall, and was under the presidency of Sir Henry de Villiers, a man of Dutch and Huguenot extraction. The delegates included General Louis Botha, who is the Dutch leader, General Smuts, General De Wet (the elusive De Wet), General De la Rey, ex-President Steyn—all these and others fought and led in the Boer army. With these veterans were such men as Dr. Jameson (of Raid notoriety, formerly the bitterest foe of the Boers), Sir George Farrar, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, and many others who were prominent in the British ranks. The leading men of all the colonies were there, and British and Dutch were on terms of absolutely unconstrained friendship. The extremely British residents of Durban thronged the hall at the opening ceremony, and watched with deep interest the arrival of the men whom the war had made famous.

The proceedings were brief and formal, and the delegates turned to leave the platform, when suddenly the whole crowd in the hall and in the corridors of the building set up a cry:

"Botha! General Botha!"

I never heard a more heartfelt acclamation. This General Botha was commander-in-chief of the Boer forces in the war, was the last to surrender—and Durban is the most British town in the country. There you have a picture which shows a reconciliation without an equal in history.

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SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

THE TEMPLE: THE TONGUE

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.—Matthew xxiv. 35.

"THE letter," says Paul, "killeth; the spirit maketh alive." This verse illustrates this saying; it enforces the truth that the literal interpretation of Scripture is not the true interpretation of Scripture. The words of Jesus have long since passed away. He spoke in Aramaic, the current dialect of his time. And the only words so spoken which are preserved in our Gospels as he spoke them are the cry on the cross, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani." To most readers of the New Testament those words would be meaningless if they were not translated. The Aramaic words of Jesus were translated by the writers of the Gospels into Greek; and the Greek has been translated into the vernacular of the various peoples: Italian, Spanish, French, German, Scandinavian, Russian, English. None of the readers of the Gospels have the words of Jesus; most of us have only the translation of a translation of those words. Words are like the carbon in the electric lamp. The carbon burns out, but the electric current endures and makes luminous a new carbon. "The words that I speak unto you," says Jesus, "are spirit and are life." The spirit and the life outlive the words, and give light and life through other words to people who could not comprehend the original language. Words are at once most transient and most permanent. They are vehicles of life. The vehicle perishes, the life remains. We forget the word; we retain the influence which it has communicated. A word is but a wavelet of the air set in motion by the lips of one and impinging on the ear-drum of another. And yet a word is also a revelation of one soul to another soul. Courage and fear, hope and despair, honor and shame, purity and foulness, reverence and profanity, are carried by these "winged words." Nothing is so evanescent, nothing so enduring.

After a minister has been preaching ten years, some of his admiring parishioners resolve to celebrate the decade by printing a volume of his sermons. With much labor he prepares them for the press. They are printed. On the first copy which is put into his hands he looks with pleasure and his wife with pride. At last, she says, he has something permanent, not elusive, something tangible and enduring. A few copies are sold to special friends; a few more given away; the rest remain in modest obscurity on the publisher's shelves, unread. And in a year even the proof-reader has forgotten their existence. But one day a forlorn woman with a desolated home and a burden of care too heavy for her to bear, who would gladly have found relief in suicide had not conscience and fear combined to prevent her, comes in to see him; and he puts new courage into her heart by his strong words and sheds lights on her life by his wise words, and she goes back to carry into her darkened home the light he has kindled in her heart and to give to her children the courage he has given her, which they in turn will give to their children. Heaven and earth will pass away sooner than the spirit and the life which his words have imparted.

As I am writing, Congressmen are talking about putting up in Washington some worthy monument to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. It is well—well because so they will honor the present generation. For this monument, whatever form it takes, will bear witness that the present generation did not forget the service rendered to his country by a great man. But the Gettysburg Address and the Emancipation Proclamation will outlast any monument we can build to Abraham Lincoln's memory. Unnumbered thousands will get a new inspiration to justice and liberty from his words who will never look on any bronze or marble monument which Congress can devise. The spirit and life which his words have given to the world will last as long as men experience love of country

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and love of freedom. It is not only Jesus who can say, Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away, every teacher of truth, every inspirer of life, may say it. In words "our thoughts go from us to the utmost bounds of space and time, hearts that beat in the remotest borders of the world are fired by the sentiments that ours have conceived, they love us though unseen, and 'being dead we yet speak.'"

Nor is this power of words confined to great books, great poems, great orations delivered on great occasions. It is the greatness of the soul, not the greatness of the occasion, which makes the words great. The two greatest teachers of all time were conversationalists: Socrates and Jesus of Nazareth. Neither of them ever wrote a line. Great addresses on great occasions of theirs are not preserved. The only sermon of Jesus reported as such is the Sermon on the Mount, and many scholars think that Sermon is a mosaic of different teachings skillfully put together by the reporter—an opinion which I do not entertain. Its literary unity seems to me to negative that hypothesis. But if this is an uninterrupted sermon, it is the solitary exception. The sermons on the Bread of Life reported in John, and the one on the Last Days reported in Matthew, are conversational, not oratorical. Jesus Christ was a great teacher, not because he delivered great orations, but because his words were the vehicle for a great life. Public speech is a necessary substitute for private instruction; but the private instruction is more effective when it is practicable to give it. Every political campaigner knows that it is the house-to-house canvass which secures votes. Every evangelist knows that it is the personal work which wins converts. The tutorial system is confessedly of incalculable value in a college training; the only objection is lack of time and money. The confessional gives untold strength to the Roman Catholic Church because in the confessional an individual gives counsel to an individual. I have preached to many a congregation of a thousand; I have talked to many hundreds of perplexed or hindered or doubting individuals, one by one. I would always rather talk to the congregation of a thousand one by one if they would come to me, and if I had the time and the strength.

Society—that kind of society in which men talk much and say nothing—is a great waste of time, the more pitiable because it is also a great waste of opportunity. To converse ought to mean what the dictionaries tell us it does primarily mean—to live with another. Conversation ought to be a real interchange of life. What is the sense of this modern reserve which forbids us from talking about the matters which really interest us? Is it because we have so little life to impart? Do we keep the curtains of our soul down lest the world should see how empty the rooms are? I cannot think so. I have talked for an hour and a half with a group of thirty or forty college girls, and on other occasions with a similar group of college men—talked with them, not listened to them—and they brought up to me the profoundest problems in philosophy, history, ethics, and theology. Had I been a scientist, I am quite sure their interest in astronomy, geology, experimental psychology, would have been not less. Yet if I had met them, or they had met each other, in what we miscall a social gathering, we should have talked mainly of the weather or possibly, with careful superficiality, of the last novel or the last magazine. When I get in literature a glimpse, to me a very enticing glimpse, of the French *salon* of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, I wonder whether the woman's clubs of the twentieth century are any improvement—are not rather the reverse. In the one was the play of an intellectual conversation, a real communication of life; in the other there are the silent audience and a learned or eloquent speaker—sometimes.

Words ought to be a vehicle of life. Empty words, that contain no life, are inane, useless, like the shells one picks up upon the beach, where life once dwelt and dwells no longer. To make our words living words, to make them convey something, and so make society an interchange of life and a life worth interchanging, to realize that society might be made a better place to communicate life than any pulpit or platform, and a better place to receive life than any church or lecture-room—if we could do this we should trans-

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form social conversation from a bore to an inspiration, and modern Society from a gathering of chattering mummies to a market-place of living ideas and ideals.

I would not that every man should think himself a teacher and wear his cap and gown to all assemblies; but neither need he think himself a court fool and always wear his cap and bells. What is needed to make conversation serve its true purpose—the interchange of life—is that the converser should be interested in something and not be ashamed to speak of what interests him, and should be interested in what interests his fellow-members of society and desire to listen to them. For "silence is one great art of conversation," and a good listener is as essential to conversation as a good talker. "He who questioneth much," says Lord Bacon, "shall learn much and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for it shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking."

The Apostle John has given us the lofty, the noble, the divine meaning of words: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." God was always a speaking God: speaking through the mountain and the flower that bloomed upon its sides and the bird that sang above it; speaking in the words of the poet, the achievement of the statesman, the authority of the father, the comforting love of the mother. The picture is the word of the artist; the bridge is the word of the engineer; the home is the word of the mother. Words are the expressions of the hidden life of the soul. It may be the life of emotion or the life of intellect; the life of instruction or the life of mere fellow-feeling; the life of serious thought or the life of sparkling wit or of mere good humor. But if it expresses no life, it is an idle word, and "every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

CARIBBEAN SKETCHES

BY ALBERT EDWARDS

FIRST PAPER

THE DISAPPOINTED ISLAND

THE tropics should be visited by sea. You come into them gently, almost imperceptibly. The third morning out, after a severe buffeting off Hatteras, we awoke in quiet, pleasant waters.

That night I was on the bridge with the captain watching the glory of the summer moon lazily climbing up from the horizon—painting a silver "trail of rapture in the wonder of the sea." Suddenly the rich notes of a guitar broke the silence, and then—after a few preliminary chords—a West Indian negro melody floated up from the forecastle hatch. The captain stopped his sentry-like pacing, smiled contentedly, and pointed with his pipe towards the sound.

"Hear them?" he said. "They're getting near home. They never sing above twenty-five degrees north. It's time to get out your white clothes."

And so you pass into the tropics to the music of minor chords. It is worth the trip just to see the delectable grin of perfect joy with which the negro steward lays out your "ducks."

Late the next night we caught the gleam of Culebra Light—our new naval base off Porto Rico. It was the first sign of land since the snow-covered Jersey hills had sunk into the sea.

Before dawn the next morning I was startled out of sleep by a sound I had not heard for many months, for it is not heard on Broadway—it was a cock crowing, answered almost immediately by the barking of a farm dog. I was on deck as

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soon as might be. Our ship was riding at anchor off the Danish Island of St. Thomas. The moon had set, and in the darkness there was little to see except the jagged outline of the mountains. The entrance to the harbor was dimly visible, and inside a few early lights twinkled in the town. But the land breeze brought us out many unfamiliar sounds and innumerable rich perfumes—the pungent fragrance of the Southland.

As the dawn broke we got under way. It is a wonderful harbor. The entrance is less than half a mile across, and within—the hills rising a thousand feet on every side—is a six-fathom basin, a mile or more across. Nature has rarely built so perfectly safe a harbor. And at the foot of the bay, climbing up the hillside, is the many-colored town of Charlotte Amalia.

The view from deck, as the ship creeps in to anchorage, is the most charming in the West Indies. The bay lacks the great sweep of Algiers, but it has the same mountain background, the same glorious blue of sea and sky. The village, blue and orange and yellow and red, recalls some of the coast towns of Italy. The garden walls of the hillside villas shine out dazzlingly white against the luxurious green of the tropical foliage. The ruins of Bluebeard s castle above the town—a landmark of the old days of buccaneers—present the only touch of gray. The rest is a riot of color. Most striking of all is the gaudy red Danish fortress down by the water front. I have never seen so red a building. At first it is glaring and unpleasant, but after a time one's eyes become accustomed to the new scale of color values which the intense sun of the tropics requires. And the bizarre glory of this fort—which would be unspeakably offensive in the gray north—seems to be not out of place in the color scheme of St. Thomas. The town of Charlotte Amalia has taken the atmosphere of Algiers and the gorgeous coloring of Venice, rolled them into one and reduced it to miniature.

But the place is beautiful only from the ship. As soon as the harbor doctor had approved our bill of health, the bumboats swarmed about the ship. We were taken ashore by an old negro named Ebenezer. We chose him from all the crowd of dilapidated ferrymen who had bid so ravenously for our traffic, because his white-bearded face looked the hungriest. The poverty of the negroes all through the islands is appalling. Old Ebenezer had never been out of St. Thomas. And his horizon was even narrower than the land-locked harbor. As he took us in he pointed out the various places of interest—Bluebeard's castle, the factory where the natives make the bay rum which they think has made their island famous. At last his long, emaciated finger pointed to an uninteresting modern building.

"Th' Barracks, suh."

"Have they a large garrison here?" I asked.

"Oh, yus, suh! an a'my, suh."

"How many?" I asked. "Ten?"

"Oh, suh! No, suh! Mo' than ten, suh. Thu'ty, sir! About thu'ty, suh!"

Ebenezer's whole vision was on the scale of a large army of about thirty men.

It was immediately after breakfast when we came ashore, but the sun was already hard at work. There must have been a difference of twenty degrees in the temperature afloat and ashore. For when we clambered upon the glaring white concrete dock, the heat struck us like a blow. The town is as uninteresting as it is hot. There are nine hundred and ninety-nine colored people to one white. The women were shapeless, and all seemed old. Their costume held no picturesqueness. There was rarely a touch of color—for the most part their dresses were of the dirtiest white. Poverty hangs heavy over everything. The rich forests which once covered the hills have long since passed away. The soil is almost sterile. Little grows but the bay tree, from which the hair tonic—the island's one industry—is produced. Steam traffic and cables have ruined the place. The magnificent harbor which was once crowded with sailing vessels waiting for orders is now almost deserted.

Charlotte Amalia is a good place to stop, as it is a free port. European goods can be bought at fabulously low prices. While I was stocking up on linen clothes, I was approached by the tallest, lankiest, blackest negro on the island. "General," he said, "liketohavesomebodycarryyourgoods?" I had to make him repeat it

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a dozen times before I could locate the spaces between the words. His eyes were so big and serious about it, his general scenic effect so unutterably droll, that I took him on, and christened him "The Army." We taught him to salute, right about face, etc., and loaded him up with our bundles until he looked more like a pack mule than an army.

He proved of great service to one of our party who wanted to get typical photographs. He posed in a dozen attitudes himself, procured other groups for us—an old woman with her hay-laden ass. Then we began to poke fun at him; could he get the prettiest girl in the town to pose for us? Certainly. He disappeared around the corner, and came back in ten minutes with a girl who admitted that she was the belle of the island. He was wonderfully solemn about it all.

"Could you bring us a volcano?" I asked. "My friend here wants a picture of a volcano."

"No, suh," he said, saluting with the utmost seriousness. "They are not in season. You can't get them except in May. Come back in May."

I paid him off after that and discharged him. I have a sick feeling every time I think of it. My friends good-naturedly insist that the man was stupid and didn't know what a volcano was. But much as I would like to believe this, I can't. I think he was paying me back in my own coin—overpaying me. I don't think I'll go back in May.

When the captain had finished business with the company's agent, he joined us and led us off in search of refreshment. The Grand Hotel faces the public square by the landing-place. It is built like first-class hotels in tropical cities the world over—thick white walls, high spacious rooms, and a veranda roofed over and protected by many blinds and sunshades. The whole thing is built on a scale ten times too big for a little town like Charlotte Amalia. The great hall was deserted except for a child at play. On the veranda a Danish officer was breakfasting in solitary splendor. There was no servant in sight; no bell with which to call one. The officer, seeing our helplessness, bawled out some Danish summons at the top of his voice. By and by a waiter appeared. He was as black and shiny as an ebony cane. He wore duck trousers, an open network undershirt, to which he had added a high celluloid collar and a soiled white tie. Could we get some ices? He did not seem at all sure one way or the other. After severe cross-examination he admitted that he could get some bottled kola for the ladies and some beer for the men.

The Grand Hotel with its hundred empty guest rooms, its vast deserted veranda, its barefooted, slovenly servant, is typical of this disappointed island. There is another equally desolate hotel in St. Thomas, called "1868"—after the great year when King Christian the Ninth signed the treaty by which he ceded his West Indian islands to the United States.

In those days the people of St. Thomas dreamed great dreams. And these dreams were the foundation on which these great hotels were built. At last the island was to recover from the decline which steam shipping had brought. From insignificance it was to rise to "The Gibraltar of the West"—the great naval outpost of the United States. England was spending millions on the fortifications of Bermuda and St. Lucia. Spain for centuries had been strengthening San Juan in Porto Rico and the different ports of Cuba. But St. Thomas held the key to the Spanish Main—as a glance at the map will show. American gold and American life were to flow into the port. For half the money the other natives were spending on their fortresses the harbor of St. Thomas could have been made twice as strong. So it was not a baseless dream.

A tornado and tidal wave—the only such catastrophe recorded in these islands—spoiled it all.

Our diplomatic record in regard to these islands is the blackest stain on the annals of the Department of State—and it is to be the more blushed at because the nation we slighted was too small to resent the insult with arms. During the Civil War the need of a naval base in the West Indies became apparent. Lincoln and Seward were greatly interested in the project, and St. Thomas was selected by them—as it would have been by any intelligent observer. It was perfectly fitted to our purpose. Denmark, which through

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the war had been more friendly to Washington than the other European nations, needed money. The matter was broached at Copenhagen by our diplomats, and, after considerable haggling over the price, was favorably considered. England and Germany, who did not wish to see our hands strengthened, objected as strongly as possible. But Denmark dared the ill will of these powerful neighbors and pushed on the negotiations. The proceedings were halted by the bullets which killed Lincoln and wounded Seward. But the matter was reopened as soon as Seward had recovered, early in 1866. He visited St. Thomas to satisfy himself that all was as represented. Things moved rapidly, and in July, 1867, Seward cabled our ambassador in Copenhagen: "Close with Denmark's offer. St. Johns, St. Thomas, seven and a half million. Send ratified treaty immediately." In October the treaty was signed.

Then occurred the tornado and tidal wave which picked up the old United States frigate Monongahela and stranded it high and dry in the middle of the town of Santa Cruz. The ship was refloated, but the sensational stories of the hurricane turned American sentiment against the island.

Denmark, however, considered the preliminary treaty as binding. On the 9th of January, 1868, a plebiscite was held on the island; almost unanimously the inhabitants voted for the transfer. The Danish Rigsdad formally ratified the treaty. And poor old King Christian sent out a pathetic proclamation to his West Indian subjects:

". . . With sincere sorrow do we look forward to the severance of those ties which for so many years have united you to the mother country. . . . We trust that nothing has been neglected upon our side to secure the future welfare of our beloved and faithful subjects, and that a mighty impulse, both moral and material, will be given to the happy development of the islands under the new sovereignty. Commending you to God, . . . "

Our Senate was pledged to ratify the treaty within four months. Action was postponed two years. And meanwhile the treaty became buried in some pigeonhole of the Committee on Foreign Relations. King Christian had to swallow the insult as best he could, and the islanders regretfully returned to their old allegiance.

Negotiations were renewed from time to time, and hope still lived in St. Thomas until the Spanish War gave us a naval base at Culebra. Then hopeless disappointment settled down on the island.

THEODORE PARKER[1]

A CHARACTER STUDY

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

FIFTY years ago Theodore Parker was the most popular preacher in New England, and, next to Charles G. Finney and Henry Ward Beecher, the most popular preacher in the United States. He began his ministry with a small parish in Roxbury; was presently asked by an increasing number of admirers to supplement his parochial labors by occasional preaching in a hall in Boston; then found himself compelled to abandon the smaller and more obscure field for the larger one; and in 1852 was addressing every Sunday morning in Boston Music Hall an audience of three thousand persons and had "seven thousand names upon his private list of men and women who depended upon him for comfort and guidance and to whom he was bound to minister by word of mouth or epistles from his own hand." In his congrega-

[1] Theodore Parker. By John White Chadwick. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.
Theodore Parker: Life. By O. B. Frothingham. American Unitarian Association, Beacon St., Boston. $1.
Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker. By John Weiss. 2 vols. $4; $8. Appleton, New York.
The Works of Theodore Parker: Centenary Edition. American Unitarian Association, Boston. 16 vols., each $1; per set of 16 vols., $15.
See editorial in this issue on "The Religion of the Future."

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tion there was, says Mr. Weiss, "a small nucleus of devoted friends who constituted a parish, and from whose ranks came all reliable workers and representatives of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society." Many of his sermons were printed and sold in large editions. He soon came to be in great request as a lecturer. Each winter's itinerary gave him from forty to eighty Lyceum audiences, and the circumstances were exceptional when the hall was not filled. He had none of the emotional power of Mr. Beecher, none of the dramatic power of Mr. Gough. He won his hearing by a power partly intellectual, partly rhetorical—perhaps it may be said by his ability to express radical ideas in language always clear, often keen and cutting, generally concrete, frequently pictorial, and always understandable. He was the broadest scholar in the American pulpit, if not in the American ministry. He read German and Greek as he read English, with ease and delight, and was a fair Hebrew scholar. His library has been thought worth preserving in its entirety as a collection in a place by itself in the Boston Public Library. As it was housed in his humble home in Boston it is thus described by Mr. Weiss:

> When Mr. Parker went to Boston, he fitted up the fourth story of his house for a study, by lining the walls with shelves of the simplest description, without moldings or ornaments, so as to save every inch of space for books. These shelves gradually crept over the door, the windows, and the chimney-pieces, thence into little adjoining rooms, and finally stepped boldly down the stairs, one flight at a time, for three flights, colonizing every room by the way, including the large parlor in the second story, and finally paused only at the dining-room close to the front door. The bathing-room, the closets, the attic apartments, were inundated with books. Unbound magazines and pamphlets lay in chests of drawers above stairs; miscellaneous matter was sorted in properly labeled boxes; cupboards were stuffed full. He had evoked this inundating demon, but did not know the laying spell. In the center of the study floor rose two or three edifices of shelves to receive the surplus which could find no other bestowment. No house was ever so adorned from basement to attic.

Mr. Weiss gives nearly four pages to a catalogue of some of the rare volumes in this rare collection. It includes nearly a hundred editions of the Bible, and at least double that number of rare editions of ancient authors, reaching back into the thirteenth century. But Mr. Parker was no book fancier; he bought books to read, not merely to possess. His books were his favorite companions with whom he lived, eschewing ordinary social engagements and escaping to his books, when he could, from public engagements. "Sometimes," says Mr. Weiss, "he could snatch a pleasant hour in the evening, between nine and ten, when he descended to the parlor and cut the leaves of a fresh book while pleasant talk went round the table. But he generally contrived to get off to bed by ten o'clock, that he might remount the stairs to those walls well lined with a great horizon."

His scholarship was his servant, not his master. He was the farthest possible remove from a scholastic. He digested what he read, and memorized little if at all. His writings abound in evidences of wide culture, but not in quotations. There was nothing of the pedant in his composition. And if he spent much of his life in the past, it was only as the miner spends much of his time underground, that he may bring out from it the precious metal to be put into current use. It is true that his scholarship was not always accurate.[1] The intensity of his temperament often made it impossible for him to understand what he did not believe. It is doubtful whether any opponent whom he ever criticised would accept Mr. Parker's representation of the doctrines which he condemned. Certainly most orthodox scholars, even the most liberal, would agree in protesting against his portraiture of orthodoxy as caricature. A protesting letter of the Hon. Salmon P. Chase illustrates this characteristic inability of Theodore Parker to comprehend even a co-worker in the anti-slavery cause with whom he disagreed. "You say," says Mr. Chase to him, "on the supposition that the slaves were white, 'Do you believe Governor Chase would have said, No slaves outside the slave States, but inside of

[1] Thus he characterizes the results of M. Comte as "materialism in psychology, selfishness in ethics, and atheism in theology," on which his annotator, George Willis Cooke, truly remarks: "This cannot be accepted as a just estimate of Comte's philosophy. He was a positivist, not a materialist. His ethical system emphasized humanitarianism, not selfishness. It is probable Parker was not familiar with Comte's writings."

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slave States just as much enslavement of Anglo-Saxon men as you please?' . . . I never said that; for I never thought it. There is no spot on earth in which I would sanction slavery." Yet I doubt whether Theodore Parker ever deliberately and intentionally misrepresented. He simply could not comprehend a position to which he was antipathetic. He was too radical a reformer to be an open-minded scholar.

And Theodore Parker was a radical reformer. It was a reforming age, and in all the reforms that were agitated, projected, or even vaguely dreamed of he was interested. Nothing seemed to him sacred merely because it was old. Life was to him one huge experiment; and he thought that, on the whole, the experiments so far attempted had proved failures and new ones were in order. Slavery in the South, the industrial order in the North, property rights, marriage and divorce, temperance, Sabbath observance, capital punishment, all were open fields for a free discussion. But the fields which interested him most, and most aroused his passionate enthusiasms, were the abolition of slavery and the reform of theology.

On the slavery question Theodore Parker is to be classed with the radical abolitionists—William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. He was one of the committee to raise funds for John Brown before his disastrous raid, and was ready to give him aid and indorsement without inquiring into his programme. "I doubt," he said, "whether the thing will succeed. But we shall make a great many failures before we discover the right way of getting at it. This may as well be one of them" —a kind of leap-before-you-look philosophy quite characteristic of a certain type of radicals. And when the raid was made and met with no response from the summoned slave population, his estimate of the value of the bootless endeavor was expressed in the sentence, "No American has died in this century whose chance of earthly immortality is worth half so much as John Brown's"—an estimate which history is not justifying. To his characteristic impatience, the policy of the anti-slavery men of the type of Abraham Lincoln, W. H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase, and Henry Ward Beecher, to put a cordon around the slave States and leave slavery to die a natural death like a girdled tree, was irritatingly slow. And, with a curious disregard of Constitutional history, he contended that the clause of the United States Constitution which required the Federal Government to guarantee a republican form of government in all the States justified it in entering into every slave State with an enforced policy of emancipation. His irritation of temper—I can give to it no more dignified appellation—reached its acme in his sermon on the death of Daniel Webster. Not Junius himself excelled in vituperative bitterness this assault on a great statesman, uttered before the sod was green upon the newly made grave.[1] Webster's fall was accounted as worse than that of Cardinal Wolsey or Lord Bacon or Strafford. It was hardly equaled by that of Benedict Arnold or Aaron Burr. "How low he stooped to supplicate the South; to cringe before the Catholics, to fawn upon the Methodists at Faneuil Hall. O, what a prostitution of what a kingly power of thought, of speech, of will!" Mr. Parker could conceive of no worthy motive for Mr. Webster's support of the compromise measures, nothing but a mean ambition to be President. "He wanted to be President. That was all there was of it." As to civil war—"Mr. Webster knew there was no danger of a dissolution of the Union." "There was not any danger of a storm; not a single cat's-paw in the sky; not a cap-full of bad weather between Cape Sable and the Lake of the Woods!"

[1] The following paragraph from Theodore Parker's sermon on Daniel Webster illustrates his vituperative power:

"Slavery, the most hideous snake which Southern regions breed, with fifteen unequal feet, came crawling North; fold on fold, and ring on ring, and coil on coil, the venomed monster came: then avarice, the foulest worm which Northern cities gender in their heat, went crawling South; with many a wriggling curl, it wound along its way. At length they met, and, twisting their obscene embrace, the twain became one monster hunkerism; theme unattempted yet in prose or song; there was no North, no South; they were one poison! The dragon wormed its way along, crawled into the church of commerce, wherein the minister baptized the beast, "Salvation." From the Ten Commandments the dragon's breath effaced those which forbid to kill and covet, with the three between; then, with malignant tooth, gnawed out the chief Commandments whereon the law and prophets hang. This amphisbæna of the western world then swallowed down the holiest words of Hebrew or of Christian speech, and in their place it left a hissing at the higher law of God. Northward and Southward wormed the thing along its track, leaving the stain of its breath in the people's face: and its hissing against the Lord rings yet in many a speech:

"'Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And, unawares, morality expires.'"

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In theology Mr. Parker has been classified as a Unitarian. But his theology differed from that of Channing more widely than did that of Channing from his chief antagonist, Lyman Beecher. The Unitarians of his day disavowed Theodore Parker, and came as near excommunicating him for heresy as their ecclesiastical system would allow, by refusing to exchange pulpits with him and by contriving to exclude him from the Thursday Lectureship, a Lectureship, as we understand it, for the exposition of Unitarian principles by Unitarian ministers in selected rotation. Properly speaking, Theodore Parker was simply a theist, with a philosophy which was an admixture of the mystical and the ritualistic; faith in historic Christianity except as one manifestation of the religious spirit was conspicuously absent. To give him the title which he probably would be most willing to accept, he was an apostle of "Absolute Religion." Despite the difficulty of fairly stating a system of theology which I regard as fundamentally inadequate, I try here to put Theodore Parker's system of theology into a paragraph, as far as may be in Theodore Parker's own words:

God is immediately and directly known by the human spirit. Outward circumstances furnish the occasion by which we approach and discover the idea of God; but they do not furnish the idea itself. Belief in God's existence comes unavoidably from the legitimate action of the intelligence and the religious faculties, just as the belief in light comes from using the eyes and belief in our existence from mere existing. Thus we *know* God. Similarly we have a continual sense of immortality. It is not a hypothesis of the future; it is a consciousness of a present life. Thus consciousness is the basis of Absolute Religion. It is not an external thing, like astronomy, to be learned by long observation; but something above all, inward and natural to man. It is perfect obedience to the law of God; the service of God by the normal use, development, and discipline of every limb of the body, every faculty of the spirit; perfect love toward God and man exhibited in a life allowing and demanding a harmonious action of all man's faculties so far as they act at all. Christianity is simply one phase or aspect of this Absolute Religion. Absolute Religion had died out of the Jewish nation. A mock religion of creeds and forms had taken its place. To this nation, at this age, came a young man with no advantages of birth or position, and retaught the Absolute Religion: simple morality, simple religion. He set aside the prejudices of his age, his nation, his sect; set aside the law with its forms and sacrifices, and temple and priesthood, gave free range to the spirit of God in his heart, united in himself the sublimest precepts and the divinest practices. He shared some of the errors and narrownesses of his time. He mistook himself for that impossible Deliverer of his nation whom the people waited for in vain. He taught the doctrine of eternal damnation, and so by implication a God who could send a majority of his children to eternal torment. But, whatever the future may have in store for us, Jesus Christ is the supremest Man in the history of the past. The religion which he and his followers taught came to the world when the nations stood in darkness, fearing to go back, not daring to go forward. The piety and morality which Jesus taught and lived came to the world as a beacon of light to chaos, as a strain of sweet music—the fulfillment of the prophecy of holy hearts; human religion, human morality, above all things revealing the greatness of man. As to the Bible, it is a collection of books which has taken such a hold on the world as has no other.[1] In it there must be mind, conscience, heart and soul, wisdom and religion. Were it otherwise, how could millions find in it their lawgiver, friend, and prophet? But it is not infallible. With much that is true and noble there is much that is false and ignoble, and we must discriminate between the two strains; accept the one and reject the other.

So much of this strain of thought has entered into the theological thinking of all our churches that it is difficult for us now to understand why it should have

[1] I do not know where is to be found in English literature a more eloquent eulogy of the Bible than is contained in the opening of Theodore Parker's "Discussion of the Bible: A Discussion of Religion," pp. 289-291. It is too long to quote, and ought not to be mutilated.

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raised such a tumult fifty years ago. Nor would it have done so if Theodore Parker had been content to preach the Absolute Religion simply, without attacking the faith of those who held to historic Christianity. But they that take the sword shall perish by the sword; and Theodore Parker always carried a naked sword with him upon his platform. Despite his somewhat self-conceited boast to Mrs. Dale that "I know I speak only in a good spirit, in a spirit *wholly good*," [1] the reader of his writings derives from them a different impression. He was a master of invective and scorn; he admired Voltaire, whom he regarded as superior to Goethe; and he poured unrestrained scorn upon the sacred convictions of those from whom he differed. His paper on "The Pharisee" may not have had a personal significance, and his opponents were curiously foolish to put the garment on. But even at this day it reads as though he intended them to do so. The Unitarians with few exceptions disavowed him, naturally being unwilling to have imputed to them opinions which they did not entertain. A few orthodox scholars like Moses Stuart honored his scholarship and his courage while they dissented both from his doctrine and his methods. Henry Ward Beecher emphasized his faith in free thought and free speech by preaching in Theodore Parker's pulpit, while vigorously expressing his dissent from Theodore Parker's theology. But the great bulk of the orthodox, clergy and laity, looked upon him with horror as a most dangerous assailant of the Christian faith. Mr. Weiss in his biography reports some extraordinary prayers offered in Boston during the revival of 1857–8, in which the Lord was considerately given a choice whether to convert or to kill the heretic.

There is something humorous, but there is also something pathetic, in the incident. It is impossible for the impartial historian, looking back upon that time, to doubt the sincerity or the courage of Theodore Parker. It is impossible to read his published prayers and doubt that he was a truly devout soul. His ethical standards were above those of his age. His social ideals for his country were more Christian than those which prevailed in the Christian churches of the time. He was a sincere seeker after God. He was often opinionated, narrow, uncharitable in his judgments, bitter in his criticisms; but he had some excuse in the uncharitableness of the judgments pronounced against him. That other seekers after God as sincere as himself could find no common ground for spiritual fellowship and friendly discussion with him, in lieu of breathing out, like Saul of Tarsus, threatenings and slaughter, is pitiful. We may congratulate ourselves on the fact that such ecclesiastical bitterness would be impossible in our time. If Christians have not yet wholly learned to differ like Christians, they have at least learned to differ like gentlemen. These prayers of his desperate opponents were uttered in the winter of 1857–8. Two years later, in May, 1860, the overworked preacher, theologian, and agitator died in Florence, Italy, whither he had gone for rest and health.

[1] The italics are Theodore Parker's.

There is a certain real though superficial resemblance between the three great popular preachers who occupied the public attention about the middle of the last century—Henry Ward Beecher, Charles G. Finney, and Theodore Parker. They were all Congregational clergymen, though two of them were ecclesiastically orthodox and one Unitarian; they were all popular preachers, and great audiences were rarely lacking to hear their message; they were all greatly loved and greatly hated; they were all bitterly opposed by the so-called conservatives of their time; all were accused of heresy, and all would have been put on trial if the denomination to which they belonged had possessed an ecclesiastical court; they were all radical anti-slavery men; and all engaged in active campaigning to reform the theology of their time. But here the parallel ends and the contrast begins. Plymouth Church, which Mr. Beecher founded, is still a prosperous church whose pastor every Sunday morning addresses nearly as large a congregation as did Mr. Beecher in his lifetime, although changes in population have left the church outside the current of population. Oberlin College, which Dr. Finney founded, is one of the great universities of America, with an apparently illimitable influence before it. The

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congregation of Mr. Parker disappeared at his death; the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society no longer exists; and the only material monument to his name is this Centenary Edition of his works. Nor do we see adequate evidence to sustain Mr. Weiss's judgment expressed nearly half a century ago: "The sermons silently do their work among the people, flowing into the minds that are most accessible by birth or culture to their approaches and are making their fertilizing way." No doubt much that Mr. Parker taught remains as a leaven in teaching that bears not his name and in teachers who are ignorant of his influence. But the Absolute Religion which he taught—where does it reappear? When Dr. Finney began his ministry, the current Calvinism in the Middle States denied all freedom of the will, and made man the passive subject of a miraculous and irresistible grace. Men waited like floats of logs grounded on the mud-bank until some flood should come and sweep them into their haven. That conception of religion it would be hard to find anywhere in any intelligent congregation to-day. When Mr. Beecher began his ministry, the current Puritanism of the New England States was based on the justice of God, and was not inaptly expressed by one great theologian in the memorable phrase, "God *must* be just, and *may* be merciful." The mercy of God was regarded as a quality purchased by the sacrifice of Christ and available only to those who accepted that sacrifice and made it their own. That doctrine has been supplanted in substantially all the churches of the Puritan faith and order, and in many others, by the doctrine which underlay all Mr. Beecher's preaching, that it is "God's nature to love a man in his sins for the sake of helping him out of them; that he did not do it out of compliment to Christ, or to a law, or a plan of salvation, but from the fullness of his great heart; that he was a Being not made mad by sin, but sorry; that he was not furious with wrath toward the sinner, but pitied him—in short, that he felt toward me as my mother felt toward me, to whose eyes my wrong-doing brought tears, who never pressed me so close to her as when I had done wrong, and who would fain with her yearning love lift me out of trouble."

But, though Theodore Parker is not without some followers, his substitution of the Absolute Religion for historical Christianity has not found its way into the consciousness of the devout. It has not banished faith in historical Christianity from the more conservative Unitarians. It has no true kinship with the philosophy of the Societies for Ethical Culture, since their fundamental doctrine is that neither God nor immortality can be known with certainty, while Theodore Parker's fundamental doctrine was that nothing can be so certainly known.

Christianity is not the same as the Absolute Religion. It is not identical with duty well done, even when that duty is defined as love to God and love to man. The message of Christianity is not chiefly obedience to the law of God. What distinguishes Christianity from other religions is its message of what God has done and is doing and will do for men. It is Paul's message to the Athenians, "Whom without knowing ye worship, him declare I unto you." It is the message which James Martineau, himself accounted a Unitarian, though he objected to the title, has so admirably stated: "With us, insistence upon the simple Humanity of Christ has come to mean the limitation of all Divineness to the Father, leaving Man a mere item of creaturely existence under the laws of Natural Necessity. With them [the orthodox] . . . the Incarnation means the retention of a Divine essence in Christ as the Head and Type of Humanity in its realized Idea; so that Man and Life are lifted into kinship with God." The lesson of Theodore Parker's life and its results is to me a confirmation of the conviction that neither the Rationalist's belief in a hypothetical Creator to account for the phenomena of Creation, nor the Mystic's faith in an inward experience of God, inspiring, but undefined and uninterpreted, can ever take the place of faith in Jesus Christ as the Realized Ideal of Humanity because the inspired Manifestation of the Eternal, making known to us a human, historical, personified God, the Father of our spirits and the Companion of our lives.

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OVER BEMERTON'S[1]

BY EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

CHAPTER VII

RECALLS OLD STRUGGLES IN THE EARLY DAYS OF GRACE AND INTRODUCES A TYRANT FROM LUDLOW

ON Easter Monday I went with Alderley and Naomi to see Lionel play for a mixed team against Surrey. It was the first match of the year and bitterly cold, but to watch real cricket again was an inducement that would have led me to brave any temperature. For (think of it!) it was my first match since the Gentlemen vs. Players at Prince's in 1874, when the Gentlemen won by sixty-one runs. Thirty-four years ago! I was then twenty-four, and I went with my brother Tom and saw every ball bowled.

Thirty-four years ago, I say, and yet what is that? To me it has been a lifetime; but what has it been to that huge man with the iron-gray beard? I had read his name in the papers as being among the players, and Lionel had shown me his letter inviting him to be one of the team; and yet it needed ocular testimony to believe that this was W. G.—that the W. G. I saw make 110 at Prince's in that 1874 match was still active in the field. "'Time has run back,'" I quoted to Lionel, "'and fetched the Age of Gold;'" but he was not listening. Milton is not much in his line.

All the Gentlemen vs. Players matches were days of Grace at that time. At Prince's, I remember, G. F. came off in the first innings—93 not out. How we all hoped that Strachan would keep his end up to let him get the hundred, which meant more than it does to-day and was not yet called a century; but it was not to be. Then came Ross, but Alfred Shaw caught and bowled him at once, and G. F.'s chance was over. It was G. F. who in the second innings (when W. G. made his 110) caused an odd bit of trouble. Old Jim Lillywhite was bowling, with his beautiful easy delivery—just a brief trot to the wicket and a gentle natural swing of his left arm. Well, he sent up a ball to G. F., who put it tamely back right to the bowler's hands, or what would have been right to his hands had not W. G. intervened. W. G.'s intervention did not mean then quite what it would to-day: he was not then so wide as a church door, but he was enough, and before Jim could get round the obstacle the ball was out of danger. Poor Lillywhite, with G. F.'s 93 not out only too present to his mind, appealed first to one umpire and then the other, but both held that W. G. was not to blame: he had not aggravated his offense of bulk by any conscious action. The Players didn't like the decision at all, but G. F. made only 12, and the match was lost without even those runs.

The Players' strongest men were Harry Jupp, Harry Charlwood, Shaw, and Morley. Daft also was playing, but he made only 21. Charlwood, the Sussex man, came out top scorer with 85, not a few of them made by a stroke which seems to have utterly died away since then—a glance under the left leg. He was very good at it—the little, active, mutton-chop-whiskered fellow.

My very first Gentlemen vs. Players match was in 1868. It was at Lord's, and W. G. was playing then, too. He only made 134 not out, but it sufficed. People, I understand, go to see individual cricketers now, but there can never since—not even in Ranjitsinhji's best days (which I missed)—have been such excitement and enthusiasm among the watchers of the cricket skies as in the late sixties and early seventies in W. G.'s first decade. The Gentlemen's innings at the Lord's match in 1868 was a sufficient indication of the place in which this stripling of nineteen, a year older than I was, stood even then—for his "hand" (as a few old-fashioned persons still called a score) was 134 not out, and the whole side made only 201.

It was W. G., too, who took the Players' wickets—6 in the first innings for 50 runs and 4 in the second for 31. He is not bowling much now, and he has come to field in the way that provokes a good-

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natured cheer from the crowd after every stopped ball; but the shining fact remains that here he is still, in the cricket field, an active man.

As I watched him I had to rub my eyes; for it seemed as if all my years of exile, all my absurd conscientious attention to duty in that far-off alien land, had been a dream.

What has happened in the interval? Everything has happened. The Franco-Prussian War; the death of Dickens; the re-establishment of the French Republic; the bombardment of Alexandria; the rise of the Salvation Army; the Boer War; Stevenson, Whistler, and Kipling; the Daily Mail; the assassination of Kings and Queens and Presidents; the destruction of San Francisco. And all the while W. G. has been playing cricket.

After 1868 I saw every Gentlemen vs Players match but two until I went to Buenos Aires at the beginning of 1875—in which time the Players won only once. I saw I. D. Walker make his 165 at the Oval in 1868. At Lord's, in the following year, I saw W. G.'s hit for 7 off Wootton, no longer possible there except with an overthrow, and I. D.'s 71; and I remember what a hard nut to crack Jupp was in the second innings. Poor Yardley, who afterward wrote burlesques, came into the match that year.

But the 1870 match at the Oval was the great one, for that was when G. F. first played, and though he got spectacles, he took altogether 8 wickets for 46 runs, and W. G. made his 215 in the second innings. As it happened, it was too many, for it meant a draw; but what a feat it was!

Two days later, on his twenty-second birthday, at Lord's, he made 109. That was the closest match I ever saw, the Gentlemen, who went all to pieces in their second innings before old Jim Southerton and Farrands, winning by only 4 runs.

In 1871, at Lord's, there was a draw again. W. G. and Hornby and Yardley and Alfred Lubbock all did well, but Ephraim Lockwood for the Players did best of all. This was the match in which George Freeman took three wickets in four balls.

I missed the Oval match that year, and, alas! I was not at Brighton to see W. G. make his 217 for the Nonpareil's benefit: but I was at Lord's in 1872 again, when the champion was on hand with 77 and 112, and Daft made a superb 102 in the Players' second innings. W. G. was again in form on the next day, at the Oval, making 117, while Hornby and Yardley put on 163 between them.

The next year at Lord's the Gentlemen won almost too easily—by an innings and runs, W. G. contributing 163; while at the Oval the same thing happened again, his share then being 158 and 7 wickets for 65.

In those days you were almost as certain to see the champion come off as you now are to see an advertised actor perform. He stood aside from the glorious uncertainty of the game. That year, 1873, gave us three matches, an extra one being arranged at Prince's, at which the Gentlemen again won by an innings and runs, W. G. making 70 and the *impayable* "Monkey" 104 (without running any one out, too), and G. F. 63. Tom Emmett, I remember, bowled at the very top of his comic energies, and he made 32 in the second innings; but Grace and the influence of Grace were too much.

The next year, 1874, at the Oval, W. G. was more restrained, but his countryman, Frank Townsend, made 59, and G. F. 28 and 47, and the "Monkey" 18 and 45, and all was well. Ephraim Lockwood carried his bat right through the Players' innings for 67, and in the second innings put on a hundred with Jupp before they were parted; but after that Absolom and Buchanan began to see daylight, and the Gentlemen won by 48 runs. Two days later, however, at the Oval, the Players won for the first time since 1866, Lockwood again playing beautifully. I recall his cutting as wonderful. W. G. made 48 and 12, the "Monkey" 63, and G. F. 22 and 36. In the second innings our blood ran cold as Hill got Ridley, the "Monkey," and I. D. Walker with successive balls. It was that miracle which won the match.

And then came my Prince's match that I spoke of first, and my day of watching first-class cricket was done. These were the only matches I allowed myself; for the rest, I was busy at work or playing village cricket at home.

And now here I am with the prospect of more Gentlemen vs. Players matches

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(which are the best of all) before me. It is almost too much. Such happiness seems unrealizable, once again I have the old school feeling—more than feeling, prescience—that the end of the world will come before the holidays.

Lionel did pretty well, but it was bad cricket weather, for there was a snow-laden wind which numbed the fingers. It was, however, a start; a new cricket season had begun.

I have since seen the Gentlemen vs. Players of 1908, and I am disappointed. It was not so much the inferior cricket of the Gentlemen that troubled me—I would as soon see the Players win—it was the spirit of the Gentlemen that distressed me, or rather the want of it. Gentlemen they may be in name, and even station, but they no longer play like gentlemen; they play like overworked artisans. Anxiety and boredom have crept into cricket. The Gentlemen, as I remember them, took the field joyously and cut a dash. It was their pride to let no ball pass them. The Gentlemen to-day are listless and without jokes—almost without personality. They have no Grace and, even more conspicuously perhaps, no "Monkey." It comes, I fancy, very largely from playing too much. What was once a game is now a calling; and a calling which involves of necessity so much disappointment and so much idleness (while waiting for one's own innings and then for the other innings of one's side to finish, to say nothing of rain) must lead to a certain amount of cynicism and saturnine fatalism.

I don't think that cricket as a whole has improved in these thirty years. Batting, perhaps, is nearer perfection; but it is far less interesting. The first-class game seems to know three strokes only—the late cut, the off drive, and the leg glance—all good, and it is astonishing how many batsmen can make them; but I would like to see more hitting, in the old style, where fieldsmen are not. In my time the fieldsmen did not exert such a magnetic influence over the ball as they now do, attracting it, for the most part, straight to their hands.

Bowling, I think, is not so good as it was. Too much dependence has been placed on the fast bumping men and five slips, and the result is a loss in the more delicate *finesse* that was so attractive when I was young—the *finesse* of Shaw and Southerton and Jim Lillywhite, and later, as I have been told, of Lohmann and Peel and Briggs.

But the pendulum is always swinging, and personality knows no law and may appear at any moment; so I do not despair. And it will always be the best of games.

In the evening after Lionel's match I found Queen Anne's Gate in despair. The annual visit of old Mrs. Wynne—Grandmamma, as she is called, for Margaret's mother (my stepmother) long since gave up all rivalry in the title—the annual visit of Mrs. Wynne has been fixed for next month.

Every one dreads this yearly fortnight of best behavior, but does not say so for fear of Alderley overhearing. As for Alderley, he looks forward to his mother's visit with what appears to be the keenest anticipation, but it has been remarked by the family that never does he have so many public and legal dinners as during its progress. His heartiness at breakfast is, however, unbearable, Drusilla says.

Old Mrs. Wynne, who is nearing eighty, if not quite that age, holds decided views on the decadence of modern life, cannot forgive the Queen Anne's Gate celibacy, and has so capricious a memory that, while remembering clearly incidents of the dim past, she is often unaware that she is saying now what she said with equal solemnity five minutes earlier.

Her convictions and foibles, added to her tireless activity—eighty years sitting more lightly on her shoulders than forty on those of many persons—make her a formidable visitor, especially to Drusilla, who, being her favorite, has always to be in attendance. What this means to that impatient young rebel may be instantly understood when it is stated that Grandmamma's first excitement after she is comfortably settled under her son's roof is to visit the Royal Academy and, catalogue in hand, conscientiously look at every picture long enough, at any rate, to decide whether or not it merits a pencil-mark. When it is added that Grandmamma's taste is governed wholly by sentiment, that Drusilla is at the Slade, and that the visit lasts four hours early in May, the

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extent of the poor girl's sufferings may be gauged.

Being a happy old lady, Grandmamma says more of the pictures that she likes than of those that displease her; but it is on record in the family that, standing before one of Mr. Sargent's masterpieces, she was heard by the whole room to exclaim, "My dear, never let that man paint me!" her idea apparently being that Mr. Sargent pursued his quarry rather in the desperate way that an Italian gunner pursues little birds than was overbesought. Drusilla promised.

CHAPTER VIII

I MEET AN OLD FRIEND AND RECEIVE A LESSON IN PHILOSOPHY

It was not so easy to run down to Esher to see Miss Gold. Cowardice intervened. It requires not a little courage for a naturally diffident and sympathetic person to renew a friendship that thirty years ago was in danger of becoming the closest of all intimacies between a man and a woman.

Miss Gold—Agnes, as I called her—was then a girl of twenty-one or two, and I fancy that people were beginning to join our names. We were together a great deal; her society gave me extraordinary pleasure, for she had a natural frankness and shrewdness and was intellectually a rebel. To be a rebel then was, for a girl, very exceptional. Also she danced beautifully and so masterfully as to make me as a partner cut some kind of a figure, which no other woman could do, and she liked me enough to give me three or four dances every evening. Our last meeting was at a party in Hyde Park Street, I remember, on the last night of the year 1874—and I held her hand for a few moments longer than I should. I did not mean anything by it but affection. It was one of those sudden impulses to convince persons that you like them very much or feel for them very much; but I believe it meant more to her. I often regretted it, and never so much as when I heard of her accident.

Her accident! She was intensely fond of horses, and rode every morning. I have seen her in the Row many a time and envied the men with her their power to afford a horse. One day, when she was still a mere girl, soon after I left England, she was thrown, and has never stood upright since. She is carried from her bed to a couch and from her couch to bed. That is her life, and has been these thirty years.

I can assure you that I (who am still vigorous and last saw her dancing) dreaded the visit. To see Miss Gold again was for long an unbearable thought, for I possess little of that fortitude in bearing other persons' calamities that La Rochefoucauld attributed to the world at large.

But I made up my mind at last, and Naomi accompanied me to a flower shop to buy some flowers as an offering.

It was then that I made a discovery of my own with regard to the changes that have come upon England, for, looking round the florist's, I suddenly realized the vast increase not only in interest in flowers but in the variety of flowers that has been witnessed by the thirty years and more that I have been abroad. Where can it lead? I have wondered often since, after luxurious travels amid nursery gardens and Temple marquees. Take, for example, daffodils. In my youth there were daffodils, too—but they were in two varieties only, the double and the single. That was all. To-day there must be hundreds, all beautiful and all named. In my day they were not grown among grass as now they are; there was no encouragement of wild exuberance as one now sees. No one said, "How sweet Sir Watkin looks under the trees!". How could they, for Sir Watkin had not been evolved?

I wish, by the way, that some one would call a flower after me. I should feel that indeed I had lived to some purpose could I, even from my death-bed, raise a weary head and, straining my poor, exhausted, failing auditories, catch the words, "How luxuriantly the Kent Falconers bloom this year!" Thus hearing I could die in peace.

And the anemone. That is a totally new discovery. I saw for fourpence bunches of anemones of a deep purple such as was never heard of in my time. And tulips are even more wonderful. We had tulips, of course, but they were the flaunting type. The new tulips can burn too, but also how sweet and grave they

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can be; and again, how cheery and courageous! But most of the new colors are wonderful. Sweet-peas we used to call merely sweet-peas and grow for scent; to-day the sweet-pea has a thousand names and colors, and every year, I am told, new and exquisite hues find expression in its butterfly bloom. The delphinium, again, is a magical revelation. I seem to remember something dingily like it—a larkspur, we called it—but that this flower should ever adventure so gently up and down the scale of blue into the tenderest melodies—who would have expected that? The delphinium seems to me the perfect flower against or under a gray sky. It is not till the sun has left that it comes to its delicate own. I like to think of all the care and thought that the great florists have been spending during my absence to evolve this lovely apparition against my return.

Naomi tells me that gardening has become as fashionable as motoring, and England surely is very fortunate in this pretty hobby, although it hurts me a little, not only to think of what I missed by being born too soon, but also to have such difficulty in finding some of my old favorites. The sweet-william, for example, eludes me in garden after garden, and mignonette I no longer smell. In our garden at home, before artistic gardening was heard of, these were grown profusely. The only flower in which I see no improvement is the rose. No doubt there are beautiful new roses; but all my favorites are the old ones, and I do not find that the new roses smell as sweet. The cabbage-rose remains the most satisfying of all.

Miss Gold lives in a large and cheerful Georgian house. Her sitting-room is on the ground floor, with high French windows uniting it to the lawn. Like so many invalids, she is far less susceptible to cold than most of us, and she lies there with the windows open most of the time. On fine days she is wheeled into the garden itself, or into the paddock. All the pretty apparatus for ingratiating human beings with birds is to be seen in the garden—the bath and the nest boxes and the cocoanut for the tits. This means, of course, the privation of a cat; but instead of a cat Miss Gold keeps several dogs, with a King Charles spaniel as the most privileged, and in the paddock she has a home of rest for old horses.

The garden is very full of flowers—so full that I might well have bought something else with my money—and it has also two large cedars, beneath which her wheeled couch often stands.

Very nervously did I ring Miss Gold's bell, but, as is usual in this life, I found the realization of the visit far easier than the anticipation. The little lady was brave enough for two. "My dear Kent," she said, after a little while, "you must not come and see me if you are going to look so sad. I want you to come often; you will do me so much good. But it is quite useless if you have such a mournful expression. What is it, after all? I am very happy lying here. I have many kind friends. The garden is so wonderful always, and I have a gardener who is also an invaluable companion, and never wants to make a rustic fence. The birds trust me: there is a robin that comes right into the room, and will do so until he is a month or so older, and has been told more about man's nature. I have letters every morning, and my eyes are so good that I can read and write all day if I like. As for death, my dear Kent, we must not be so frightened of it. I have grown to think of death without any fear or shuddering. After all, if I live to be eighty, my life on my eightieth birthday will be as much behind me as a child's of five. It is only to-day that we live for—to-day and to-morrow. No one dares to look much more forward than that. The past is so completely over that in a kind of way one life may be said to be as long as another."

I did my best to be equally optimistic, and quoted an old epigram of my friend Trist's to the effect that every birth certificate is, in a manner of speaking, a death warrant.

Miss Gold liked that. "And another thing," she said: "considering how uncertain is life and how many fatal accidents occur every day, it is illogical to be cheerful with every one else and pull a long face when you come to see me. Because I may be lying on this couch in ten years' time just as I am to-day; whereas one of your strong, healthy friends with whom you dine to-night may be knocked down

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and killed by a motor car to-morrow morning. No, Kent, with me you must be gay."

I so far fell into her humor as to tell her about one or two of Mr. Giles's Chinese heroes, whose quiet acceptance of death is perhaps their most astonishing characteristic to a Western reader—the characteristic which most differentiates them from ourselves, who cling to life more passionately with each generation. I told her of the death of Wang-Ching-Wên, of the fifth century A.D., who, one evening, as he was playing chess with a friend, received orders to commit suicide. "After having read the Imperial mandate, he finished his game and put the board away. A bowl of poison was brought to him; and then, turning to his friend, he remarked jestingly, 'I am afraid I cannot ask you to join me!' and quietly drained the bowl."

"That is the way," said Miss Gold; "but it certainly is not English."

I told her also of the death of Hsieh-Chiu-Chêng, whose was perhaps the most ludicrously ironical end on record, since it came "from poisoning himself with a compound which he fancied was the Elixir of Life."

Miss Gold asked me if any women were included in the book. There are, of course, a few, but China is not a woman's country. One is Liu-Shih, the wife of an official at Court, who also had dealings with the cup. The Emperor one day sent her "a potion which he commanded her to drink, and which he said would cause instant death if she was jealous; adding that, if she was not jealous, she need not drink it. Without hesitation she drank it off, saying that death would be preferable to such a life."

Another Chinese lady is Li-Fu-Jen, of the second century B.C., who was so beautiful that "one glance of hers," said a poet, "would destroy a city, two glances a state." Li-Fu-Jen, however, lived for pleasure; more heroic was Li-Hsien, who, finding that she fascinated a student named Chêng-Yüan-Ho to such an extent that he began to neglect his career, tore out her eyes: "after which," says the historian, "her lover rapidly rose to distinction." But—and here comes in the surprise to the Western reader accustomed to think of the Chinese as monsters of impassive selfishness—after he had achieved distinction he married her, all sightless as she was. Isn't that a pretty story?

To my mind, one of the most agreeable girls in the book is the sarcastic waiting-maid who rebuked the meanness of Táo-Ku. "On one occasion he bade a newly purchased waiting-maid get some snow and make tea in honor of the Feast of Lanterns, asking, somewhat pompously, 'Was that the custom in your old home?' 'Oh, no,' the girl replied; 'they were a rough lot. They just put up a gold-splashed awning, and had a little music and some old wine.'"

We talked also of the Wynnes, and Miss Gold made me promise to bring Naomi to see her, and she asked also if I would bring Trist, whom neither of us had seen since the early seventies, but who was in those days my inseparable friend, and very attractive also to her. She was greatly amused by my discovery of her name at Bemerton's, and the chance which had taken me to live over her favorite bookseller's shop. But in Mr. Danby she was even more interested.

"How extraordinary to think he should be in the same house!" she said. "There is no journalist whom I follow so closely. He has a fearless mind and a hatred of injustice. Do you like him?"

"Well, he compels attention," I said, "but he is a little too near white heat for me."

"If he were cooler," said Miss Gold, "he would probably be tolerant—like you—and then he would be no use. There is so much comfortable tolerance to-day, so little anger. I hope he will go on being angry."

"He will," I said.

(To be continued)

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PUBLIC OPINION

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SATELLITES OF MARS

My attention has been called to an editorial in the issue of The Outlook for July 24 in regard to the late Simon Newcomb. In this editorial you state that Professor Newcomb discovered the satellites of Mars by a mathematical calculation, and that they were first observed by an assistant. Both of these statements are untrue. If you will refer to the records of the Naval Observatory covering the year 1877, you will find that both of the satellites of Mars were discovered by Professor Asaph Hall. At the time of the discovery Professor Hall was in charge of the great equatorial which had been placed in his charge several months previous to the discovery of these satellites in August, 1877.

The history of the discovery as recalled by me, Professor Hall's second son, is as follows:

A careful search was made of the previous observations of Mars, especially the various attempts made by former observers to discover the satellites which it had been generally assumed the planet had, but which no one had, previous to 1877, been able to state existed. The result of this research on the part of Professor Hall was at first discouraging, from the fact that many of the best astronomers preceding him had gone over the ground carefully. He, however, decided, in view of the fact that the telescope in his possession was more powerful than those used by any of his predecessors, and also in view of the fact that the examination which he had made showed that practically no work had been done in the inner field of the planet, that he would make an attempt to discover the presence of the satellites if there were any. No work done by Professor Newcomb had given any indication of the presence of these satellites when my father made his research in 1877. The result of the research was the discovery of the two satellites of Mars and the announcement of their discovery by Admiral John Rogers, who was then Superintendent of the Naval Observatory.

SAMUEL S. HALL.

New York City.

A LONELY LITTLE GUN

In the issue of The Outlook for July 17 an article by the Spectator on Bunker Hill Day contains the following clause:

"The Spectator remembered that little lonely cannon, up in the Citadel at Quebec, that is all the British have to show for Bunker Hill, and wondered afresh why they persistently keep it so far away from home."

In a publication issued by the Chronicle (Quebec), describing the Citadel, I note the following:

"If the visitors are Americans, they are shown a small brass cannon said to have been captured at Bunker Hill. Such, however, is not the case. It was taken from an American sloop of war, carried to England, and many years ago brought to Quebec by a Major Taff and presented by him to the Citadel authorities. It was one of four guns cast in the Massachusetts Colony. Two of them are now at Bunker Hill—the third was burst in firing a salute. Some day, as an act of international courtesy, it may be returned to the United States."

The latter account would seem the more correct, but, for the sake of historical accuracy, and while the Champlain celebrations are fresh in our minds, might it not be well to obtain and publish the history of that lonely little gun?

W. P. D. MOROSS.

WOMEN AND MOTOR CARS

In an article entitled "Sane Motoring—or Insane?" which appeared in The Outlook of May 29 last, you included my expression of opinion that "no license should be granted to one under eighteen and probably to one under twenty-one years of age, and never to a woman, unless, possibly, for a car driven by electric power." Then, for lack of space, you entirely omitted my reasons for placing this seemingly restrictive hardship upon women.

It is natural, therefore, that both The Outlook and the writer should have been taken to task for making such a broad statement without any explanatory reasons therefor. I now suggest that, in justice to all concerned, you publish the following, which is largely from my original manuscript:

As to women driving gasoline cars, the writer would not be discourteous in his remarks regarding withholding licenses from women in such cases, and, undoubtedly, there are women as well able (physical strength being excepted) to manage cars as the average man, but, as the granters of licenses cannot be supposed to distinguish in such respects between one woman and another, the only proper protection is to withhold them from all.

The natural training of woman is not in the direction to allow her properly to manipulate an automobile in case of emergencies. She is not trained to think of two things at once. Note her as she walks along a crowded

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sidewalk and suddenly desires to retrace her steps for some forgotten errand. Quick as a flash she will turn and bump straight into somebody approaching from the rear. It never occurs to her to turn to one side and then retrace her steps. If she meets a person with whom she wishes to converse, also upon the same crowded sidewalk, she will, almost invariably, block the traffic rather than withdraw to one side.

The boy is trained from earliest youth in playing baseball, where he has to watch two or three bases at once, to say nothing of the home plate and numerous other points; he is trained in a thousand and one ways to act quickly and in emergencies. All his games, his canoeing, swimming, everything, tend to that end, and, as he grows up and becomes a business man, again his training is, as it were, to think of two things at once. With a few exceptions, a woman seldom reaches this peculiar phase of mental activity, called for time and time again in automobiling.

Touching upon the matter of physical strength referred to above suggests a statement once made by a woman, that if one has a skillful knowledge of the levers strength does not enter into the matter at all. She was far wrong, for nearly every experienced male automobilist will recall instances where strength alone, rather than skill, saved a smash-up.

It takes a great deal of strength as well as agility to bring a high-powered, large-sized touring car to such a sudden stop that the rear wheels are both firmly locked, as attested by the piercing squeal of the grinding tires. The necessity for an abrupt stop of this kind may arise from carelessness on the part of other drivers rather than yourself. The writer can personally recall a case in which the saving of the life of a child resulted entirely because of such an application of strength in applying the brakes and steering at the same time, which would have been beyond the accomplishment of one woman in ten thousand.

It is but natural that women should declare that the preponderance of accidents occur when men are driving, even when the proportion of male to female drivers is taken into consideration; but the reader should bear in mind that this article is based upon the supposition that all will obey the law, and, when so obeyed, accidents are far less likely to occur to a given number of men drivers as compared with a given number of the opposite sex. The fact that so many men break the law, with resultant accidents, should be entirely barred out as evidence, because they had no business to be offending in such a manner. Remember, it is the *preventable* accidents which occur when the law is being complied with which should be considered in this comparison, and none others. Please note the emphasis laid upon the word "preventable."

Woman still assumes her habitual attitude that man must give way, and this leads her into trouble when operating a car, for she unconsciously reasons that the etiquette of the drawing-room should be extended to her at such times. It is almost an unwritten law with men, even if offending in other particulars, that, when going down-hill, they give the right of way to an up-driven car. In all his experience the writer has never yet known a woman, under such circumstances, to exercise this necessary etiquette, but he has seen her, time and again, force a hill-climbing, loaded car off the grade and into a position from which it was difficult to pull out.

The natural hysteria of women certainly enters into this matter very strongly. Under long, tiring conditions—drawn-out periods of danger—the average woman of intelligence is equal to, and often even superior to, the average man of intelligence. But at the first sudden appearance of danger a woman is not to be compared to a man in level-headedness. This is illustrated by the following incident:

A woman driving a small gasoline runabout was approaching a heavily laden electric car. Men were standing on the running-board. As she was about to pass it, a ki-yi-ing dog rushed at her from the opposite direction. Instead of holding steadily to her course, she jumped, in her nervousness, as if the dog had been a mouse, and, swinging directly into the electric car, swept off a line of passengers, the result being a generous ripping of garments and, in one or two instances, considerable physical injury.

It is worth while to notice that one of the New York papers has remonstrated against the granting of licenses to women, basing its attitude on recent accidents which have occurred to such drivers.

MONTGOMERY ROLLINS.

MINES AND HUMAN LIFE

The article by Robert Watchorn in your June Magazine Number, "The Cost of Coal in Human Life," has impressed me as being unjust to the coal mine operator.

For what purpose does Mr. Watchorn think that a company will employ men except to make money? Of course coal mines are operated primarily for money, but it does not follow that every human instinct is swallowed up in the desire for dividends; neither does the operator cheat the miner with short

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weight for his coal nor rob him at the store. It is not true that 50 per cent of the area of coal land is lost by crude and unscientific methods of mining. Almost universally to-day from 80 per cent to 90 per cent of workable coal is recovered. The so-called waste in the past was an economical necessity because the operator could only sell what the market would buy.

The miner in this country averages $2.50 to $3 per day of nine hours, in some cases as much as $8 per day, and that is good wages for the amount of intelligence that as a class the miners possess. As a rule, the miner is not careful about danger, and oftentimes unnecessarily courts it. The Chief Mine Inspector of Mines for the State of Pennsylvania says in the 1904 report: "Every year, when the accidents that occur in and about coal mines are analyzed, it is found that the responsibility rests to a great extent with the victims themselves."

I venture to question the correctness of the deduction from the quotation from the Ohio State report of accidents that 29.9 per cent of the accidents were caused by mine cars. These accidents were caused almost entirely by the victims riding on slopes and inclines and dangerous places inside and outside. At all mines there are regulations against this, but it is almost impossible to enforce them. I venture to say that not more than 5 per cent of these accidents are chargeable to anybody else except the victims.

The Illinois Coal Operators' Mine Casualty Committee says: "Foreign experts say that there is lack of discipline among our men. There is no doubt that in foreign countries, where almost military discipline prevails, accidents have been reduced largely on that account. In this country employees generally are not as willing to be disciplined, and in many cases the establishment of labor organizations has developed a spirit of opposition and rebellion." I quote again: "The shooting 'off the solid' not only increases accidents by weakening the roof, inducing rock falls, but excessive use of powder results in much fine dust, props are blown out, air stops are weakened and damaged, and many causes of accidents can be traced directly to this practice."

The Chief Mine Inspector for the State of Pennsylvania says about the explosion in the Marianna mine, near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in which 154 men were killed: "What was the cause of this accident? I venture now to give you my opinion, in advance of the evidence submitted hereafter, that the cause of this great disaster was a blown-out shot in one of the entries, which in turn ignited the fine dust in suspension in the air; I say dust, because it was impossible to have such an accumulation of gas in any of the entries to cause such destruction." A blown shot is one that blows out the tamping and does not blow down the coal. This is when the powder has too much to do, as when "shooting off solid."

The President of the Pittsburgh-Buffalo Coal Company, the owners of this mine, through its President, Mr. Jones, wrote to the Superintendent in charge a couple of months before the explosion occurred, specifying all the points about which he should be very careful, and ending by saying: "Under no circumstances take any chances which would result in loss of life or limb of any of our employees, as we would rather *lose money* than take chances of injuring any of our men. I will be the proudest man in Pittsburgh if at the end of each year our company can show a record of having hurt and killed less men than any other company in the Pittsburgh district."

Coal mine operators value life as highly as labor organizers or any other body of men. It is the truth that corrects. Prejudices and oblique view-points have no such result.

E. M. Jones,
Mining Engineer.

EDUCATION IN INDIA

No mention is made by Mr. Ghosh in the July 3 issue of The Outlook of the fact that many thousands of Indian students are annually in residence at British, German, and American colleges, and that, until these students play their part in the uplifting of their people upon their return to their native shores, the matter of educating the Indian nation will be attended with the greatest difficulties. In face of the prevalence of the caste system, described by Mr. Ghosh and known to the world, is it a matter of surprise that English teachers, except those at diocesan or missionary institutes, fail to reach the people? As long as the "holier than thou" motto holds sway, mixed schools are well-nigh impossible, and, as far as I can see, the only way out of the difficulty would be a separate school for each separate child! Clearly there can be no analogy between the case of the North American negroes, diffused among the different States of a country where there are seventy million whites, more or less educated, or the North American Indians, penned in reservations and cowed into submission, and that of India, whose population, though in a sense ignorant, is naturally refined. Above all others, the East Indian is proud, stubborn, unwilling to learn, and the self-denying and devoted English teachers, among whom my sister is

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one, appreciate full well the barriers which must be removed before a satisfactory understanding can be arrived at between the conquerors and the conquered. Be it remembered that twenty-three Indian languages are each spoken by over a million people, that scores of dialects are in use, and that most of the provinces are semi-independent, and some idea may be gained of the magnitude of the educational problem in India. The caste and conservatism of the country cannot be killed in a century, nor does the time of bloom of all nations fall within the same period. Three million pounds ($15,000,000) is spent every year on education in India, and five million scholars attend one hundred and fifty thousand institutions. Reliable statesmen throughout the world bear testimony to the fact that the policy of forbearance pursued by Britain in India is in truth the only right policy. All her *protégés* in the past have been won by favor rather than by fear, nor has the Empire been cemented by blood as much as by intercolonial communion with the mother country. In the case of India, despite base ingratitude, England endeavors to carry out her motto. The way is being paved, and a helpless slave to caste and opium is being taught slowly to look up. One hundred and eighty million pounds ($900,000,000) has been spent on about thirty thousand miles of railway and vast irrigation works; commerce is expanding on every hand; the horrors of famine are being minimized; and when the time comes, India, educated and awakened, will be allowed to manage its own affairs.

JOHN T. LEWIS.

Oriskany Falls, New York.

THE WORKING-GIRLS' VACATION SOCIETY

The old man who, with a smile on his face, said, "Life is like a long tunnel with openings now and then," was not a pessimist. There are always "the openings," and if they are oftener less than more, there is the heavenly recompense that adds joy to the *infrequent*—the blessing of intensity.

This is but a preface to the announcement that into the keeping of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society a new home has come, with a small endowment that will partly pay expenses. It is another "opening" in the tunnel of the working-girls' life. It must be made assured and beautiful.

It is situated at Hadlyme, Connecticut, and it accommodates twenty-two. The Society has now ten houses. The two at Santa Clara are reserved for girls threatened with tuberculosis; the other eight are for the tired army of wage-earners who can, by a little help, secure two weeks during the summer for vacation. All the eight houses have applications that will, if means are provided, keep them filled until after Labor Day.

This new Home came to the Society with twenty acres of valuable land, a barn, and two carriages—no horses, unfortunately—and nearly all the furniture, table and bed linen necessary.

The Home really is two, for there are twin cottages, "The Nancy" and "The Rose," separated only by a beautiful lawn. They are situated three miles from the river on very high, dry ground.

Of course with a new venture the Society realizes the strain, but the managers, gaining courage from past success, believe the doors of this new Home will swing inward, not only *this* summer, but for all future summers.

It is beautiful to think that the "openings in the tunnel" are growing in number, and, as time goes on, are gaining in length and are more lovely to the tired eyes that greet them.

"I am sending you a little forlornity," wrote the Secretary of this Society to one of the house mothers; "try to make her think she is in heaven."

A week later the house mother replied: "Have no fear for your little forlornity. She is making heaven for us."

So when the need and the supply meet on such a footing, what may we not expect if only the power is forthcoming "to make the wheels go 'round"?

When those empty carriages are filled at Hadlyme, and *horses* are between the shafts, there is going to be a widening of horizons!

Just now the girls are taken from the station to the Home in ox-carts. That mode of transit to the city girl of trolley tradition may be fun, but there must, of course, be sore bodies and aching bones to pay for it—not to mention a late meal!

The air is full of appeals, and often the response meets them half-way, but the splendid work of this Society must have its place, and "The Nancy" and "The Rose" ask for recognition and welcome in the ranks where the work for humanity is going on.

HARRIET T. COMSTOCK.

31 Lincoln Road, Flatbush, New York.

LOWELL MASON

Friends of the late Dr. Lowell Mason who have letters from him, or any *memorabilia*, are earnestly requested to communicate with Henry L. Mason, 188 Bay State Road, Boston. Mr. Mason is the grandson of Dr. Lowell Mason, and is at work writing a "Life of Lowell Mason."

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Little Prescriptions For the Use of NEW-SKIN

For a Cut or Scratch

Clean the wound thoroughly. Then paint it with a coat of *New-Skin*. The *New-Skin* will dry into a tough, flexible film under which the wound will heal rapidly without further attention.

For a Hang-Nail

Trim the hang-nail close with sharp manicure scissors; then coat it with *New-Skin*, applying a second coat after the first has dried, if necessary. After that the hang-nail will not bother you and will proceed to cure itself.

For Split Lips

Flatten out the lip with the fingers and touch it lightly with *New-Skin*. Hold the lip flat for a moment until the *New-Skin* dries. There will then be no further annoyance and no further temptation to bite or touch the lips.

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Coat the tender places with *New-Skin* and go on working. When possible it is wise to anticipate the unusual wear on the skin by applying *New-Skin* first, very much as one would prepare for heavy work by putting on gloves.

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Paint the burned place with *New-Skin*, which will form a protective film so that the skin will no longer be sore or sensitive.

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Re-inforce the damaged skin with *New-Skin* and you can go on walking without further trouble. The *New-Skin* will keep the broken cuticle from being irritated and there will be no further suffering.

Be sure to get the genuine.

For sale by druggists everywhere, 10, 25 and 50 cents, or by mail. Stamps taken.

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Made Over by Quitting Coffee.

Coffee probably wrecks a greater percentage of Southern than of Northern people for Southerners use it more freely

The work it does is distressing enough in some instanc as an illustration, a woman of Richmond, Va., writes:

"I was a coffee drinker for years and for about six ye my health was completely shattered. I suffered fearfu with headaches and nervousness, also palpitation of heart and loss of appetite

"My sight gradually began to fail and finally I lost the si of one eye altogether. The eye was operated upon and sight partially restored, then I became totally blind in other eye

"My doctor used to urge me to give up coffee but I wilful and continued to drink it until finally in a case of sev illness the doctor insisted that I must give up the coffee, s began using Postum and in a month I felt like a r creature

"I steadily gained in health and strength. About a mo ago I began using Grape-Nuts food and the effect has b wonderful I really feel like a new woman and have gai about 25 pounds.

"I am quite an elderly lady and before using Postum a Grape-Nuts I could not walk a square without exce ing fatigue, now I walk ten or twelve without feeling Formerly in reading I could remember but little but now memory holds fast what I read.

"Several friends who have seen the remarkable effects Postum and Grape-Nuts on me have urged that I give facts to the public for the sake of suffering humanity, although I dislike publicity, you can publish this letter you like."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's Reason"

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears fr time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of hum interest.

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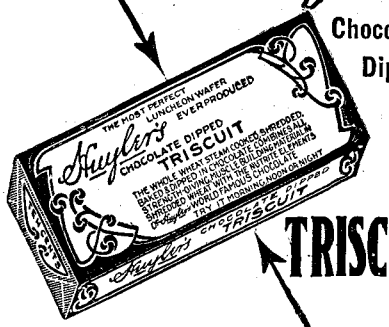
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First-class family hotel. Full South. Reduced rates during the summer.
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A modern health resort for the treatment of tuberculosis. Open air sleeping apartments. Rooms with bath and private porches. Booklet.
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Interlaken Inn, Lakeville, Conn. Two hours from New York; between two lakes; service first class; accommodation for automobile parties; rooms in cottages. Address Manager.

The Wononsco House
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Summer guests a specialty. Fresh supplies from our own farm. Private suite with bath.
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A strictly first class Summer Hotel. Attractively furnished; every modern convenience; rooms singly or en suite; private baths; Billiards, Bowling, Golf and Tennis free to guests. Cuisine unexcelled; excellent orchestra. Bathing facilities of the best, water averaging 74°. Fireproof Garage.
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Room with private bath, meals for one, $3.00 day
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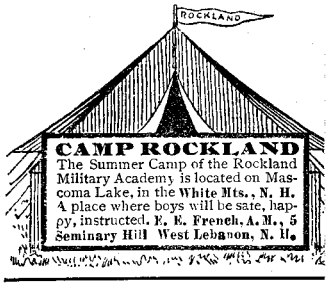
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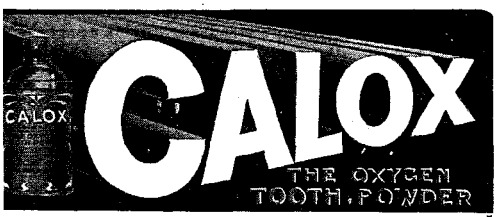

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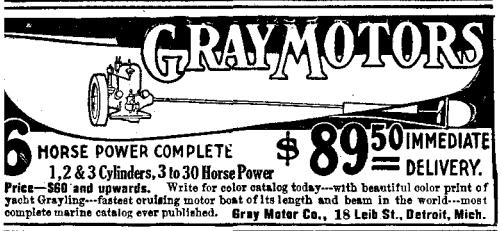
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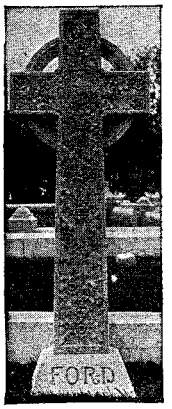

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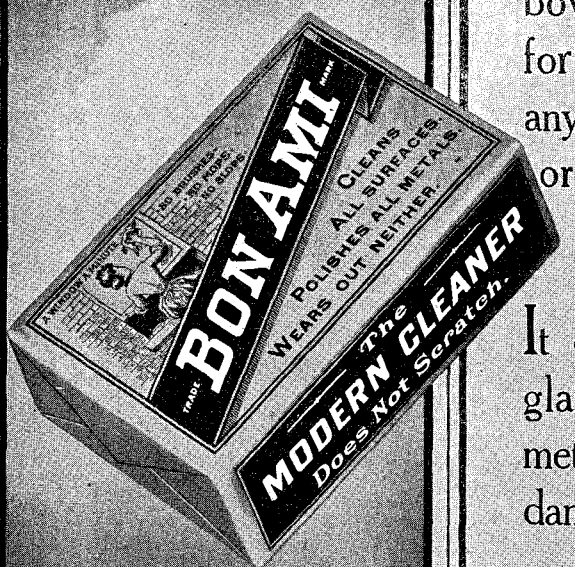

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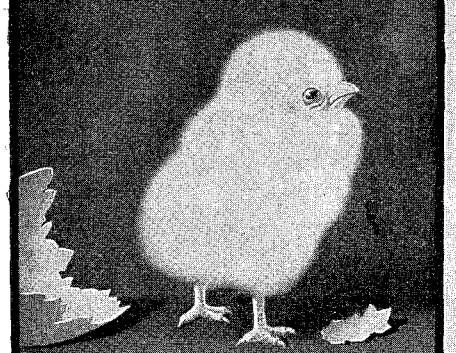

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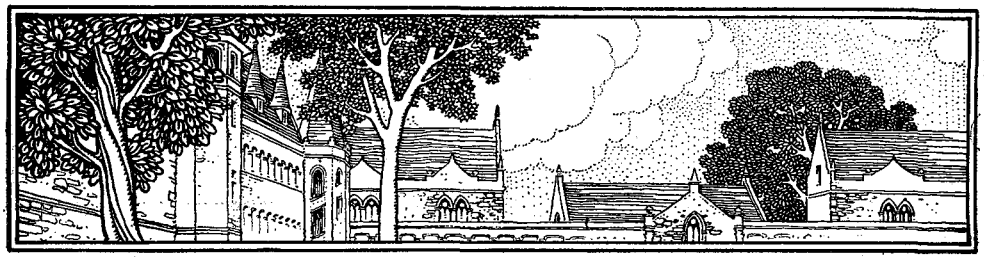

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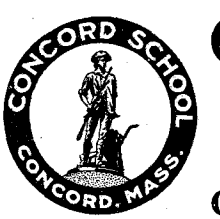

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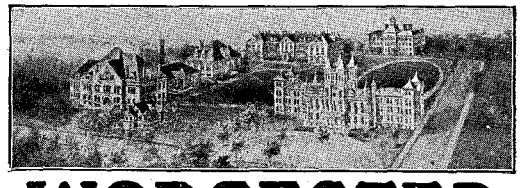

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